The New-York Saturday Press.

VOL. II.—NO. 4. NEW YORK, JA[illegible] 1859. PRICE, 5 CENTS.

The New York Saturday Press,
A JOURNAL OF THE TIMES
IS PUBLISHED
Every Saturday Morning,
AT NO. 9 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., } Editors.
T. B. ALDRICH, }

TERMS—$2 00 a year; Five Cents a single number.

ADVERTISEMENTS.
10 Cents a line for 1 insertion.
35 " " " 4 insertions.
75 " " " 13 insertions.

SPECIMEN COPIES will be sent to any part of the Union on the receipt of five cents in postage stamps.

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The New York Saturday Press.

A WOMAN'S POEM.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

You say you love me, and you lay
 Your hand and fortune at my feet:
I thank you, Sir, with all my heart,
 For love is sweet.

It is but little to you, men,
 To whom the doors of Life stand wide;
But much, how much, to woman! She
 Has naught beside.

You make the worlds wherein you move;
 You rule your tastes, or coarse, or fine;
Dine, hunt, or fish, or waste your gold
 At dice and wine!

Our world (alas, you make that too!)
 Is narrower—shut in four blank walls:
Know you, or care, what light is there?
 What shadow falls?

We read the last new novel out,
 And live in dream-land till it ends:
We write romantic school-girl notes,
 That bore our friends.

We learn to trill Italian notes,
 And thrum for hours the tortured keys:
We think it pleases you, and we
 But live to please!

We feed our birds, we tend our flowers
 (Poor tender things of sickly bloom?)
Or play the housewife in our gloves,
 And dust the rooms.

But some of us have hearts and minds?
 So much the worse for us and you;
For grant we seek a better life,
 What can we do?

We cannot build and sail your ships,
 Or drive your engines: we are weak,
And ignorant of the tricks of Trade:
 To think, and speak,

Or write some earnest, stammering words,
 Alone is ours, and that you hate;
So forced within ourselves again,
 We sigh and wait.

Ah! who can tell the bitter hours,
 The dreary days that women spend?
Their thoughts unshared, their lives unknown,
 Without a friend!

Without a friend? And what is he,
 Who, like a shadow, day and night,
Follows the woman he prefers?
 Lives in her sight?

Her lover, he: a gallant man,
 Devoted to her every whim;
He vows to die for her, so she
 Must live for him!

We should be very grateful, Sir,
 That, when you've nothing else to do,
You waste your idle hours on us:
 So kind of you!

Profuse in studied compliments,
 Your manners, like your clothes, are fine,
Though, both, at times, are somewhat strong
 Of smoke and wine!

What can we hope to know of you?
 Or you of us? We act our parts:
We love in jest: it is the play
 Of hands, not hearts!

You grant my bitter words are true
 Of others, not of you and me:
Your love is steady as a star;
 But we shall see.

You say you love me: have you thought
 How much these little words contain?
Alas! a world of happiness,
 And worlds of pain!

You know, or should, your nature now,
 Its needs and passions. Can I be
What you desire me? Do you find
 Your all in me?

You do. But have you thought that I
 May have my ways and fancies, too?
You love me; well, but have you thought
 If I love you?

But think again. You know me not:
 I, too, may be a butterfly,
A costly parlor doll, on show
 For you to buy!

You trust me wholly? One word more.
 You see me young: they call me fair:
I think I have a pleasant face,
 And pretty hair!

But, by-and-by, my face will fade;
 It must with time, it may with care:
What say you to a wrinkled wife,
 With thin, gray hair?

You care not, you: in youth, or age,
 Your heart is mine, while life endures:
Is't so? Then, Arthur, here's my hand,
 My heart is yours.

—*Harper's Monthly for February.*

THE NEW CANADIAN COINS.

We are at length in a position to give some reliable information respecting the promised coins for Canada, so much talked about, but so long in coming. A small case containing specimens has been sent to the officials, with a view of which we have been favored. They consist of twenty, ten, and five cent pieces in silver, and a one cent in bronze. The last mentioned is somewhat smaller than a British half-penny and of a brighter color, some white metal having been mixed with it in order to bring it up to the required value. On the one side is a beautifully executed medallion of the Queen, an exact copy of that which appears upon the English shilling. Between two rows of beading, the words, "*Victoria, Dei Gratia Regina Canada*" are placed round the circumference of the coin. The obverse is ornamented with a wreath of maple leaves, and the words "One Cent, 1858." The silver coins are alike in design. The twenty-cent piece is a little smaller than the English shilling, and the ten and five cent pieces the same size as the American coins of like value. The silver differs from the copper coins in design. The former has only one row of beading, and the maple leaves instead of running all round, are arranged in the same way as the [illegible] and thistle upon British money, with a crown dividing the one branch from the other. The letters and figures used are plain, being proportioned to the size of the coin. The edges are not milled. Some time ago the initial letters of the words "*Fidei Defensor*" (Defender of the Faith) were allowed to fall into disuse by the Home authorities. It is always usual, however, to describe her Majesty as "Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, by the Grace of God," but the inscription upon the new coins leaves us to guess that she is Queen of this colony, for the fact is not stated—the word "Canada" being placed in such a way that it has no connection with those preceding it. In design and in execution the coins are unexceptionable, the minutest line being brought out with the greatest clearness and precision. The wreath of maple leaves is in exceedingly good taste, and we are glad to see that the portrait of her Majesty is unencumbered with the crown and filagree work which renders the florin objectionable. We learn, however, that the government has not yet received advices of the shipment of any portion of the coin, though they expect to do so very shortly, as a heavy demand has been made on our treasury in payment of a first instalment.—*London Globe.*

FOR THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS.

MY SUBJECTS.

"I am monarch of all I survey"—That's very true; but then—what do I survey? I am not a civil engineer, and my occupation is not to survey lands, etc. I am only the occupant of a small room in the fourth story. What, then, do I survey?

My window-shade is drawn down, and as I look about me I find that I survey—

One table,
One single bedstead,
Two chairs,
One washstand, pitcher, and basin,
One lookingglass and hairbrush,
Comb and toothbrush,
One bookcase and a few books.

Of these I am sole monarch; but what is a monarchy without subjects, and where are my subjects? Where? Why, all about me wherever, indeed, I choose to place them.

My House of Lords consists of two members—Lord Bacon and Lord Byron—but being of a somewhat despotic and arbitrary nature, I have chosen to place Lord Byron between Goldsmith and old Dr. Johnson; and Lord Bacon stands next to Shakespeare, with Boccacio on his other side nudging him in the ribs. Bacon looks as though he had an idea that both those worthies were poking fun at him, for he is very red, but then this may be owing to his clothes, for he is clad in scarlet, while his two companions are in sober maroon, and look very much as though they were in a brown study about something.

My privy-councillors are at present lying on the table—Epictetus, Thomas à Kempis, and Mason—that man who can talk so soundly about "self-knowledge."

My ministers of finance, Adam Smith and Say, now lie sprawling on the floor.

My poets laureate—Milton, Chaucer, etc.—are sitting on a shelf; while my wits and jesters—Rabelais, Tom Hood, etc.—are perched on the mantelpiece.

My chaplain, Sydney Smith, [illegible] ally to give me some of his "wit and wisdom." Charles Lamb, too, whenever I want a consoler and genial companion; and so does Sterne, when I want to know something about Tristram Shandy.

I am rather a "played-out" looking monarch, I must confess, for I am thin as a lath, and my complexion is sallow. My face is marked—with the cares of government, I suppose—while my shoulders have a most decided stoop, and my head is bent forward, clearly showing race, for I have read somewhere that a head leaning forwards indicates that the possessor's ancestors wore helmets.

I like nothing better than to sit down and watch my subjects, and note what they are about. Next to Rabelais stands Chaucer in a full suit of green, and who seems to be delighting, and at the same time disgusting, the "gentle Spenser" with his "Canterbury Tales." Robert Burns has in some unaccountable way got himself perched on top of Homer's head, which latter worthy looks very black as he stands listening to Sterne telling him about his "Sentimental Journey." Sydney Smith seems to have monopolized the whole of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," while Tom Hood has got alongside of "The Doctor," and is evidently asking him for medical advice respecting that body of his which so strongly resembles bad port—"of a bad color and very little body." Henry Heine, with that ghastly sneer of his, looks isolated in the midst of them all, and seems to be especially sneering at Longfellow, who is telling him, "not to look mournfully into the past," while glorious honest Carlyle is perfectly black in the face with his energetic denunciations against all shams and humbugs. Meanwhile that [illegible] Democritus, Rabelais, is making the whole crowd conscious of "The Miseries of Human Life." Burton, in a quaint garb, is half laughing and half crying as he [illegible] edly [illegible] melancholy. Old [illegible] is evidently astonishing Lord Byron and [illegible] within hail by his eccentricities and [illegible], while Charles Lamb, notwithstanding he is stuttering out puns by the wholesale, lovingly criticising the old dramatists, and clothing everything he says in a delicate gentle humor, is nevertheless evidently thinking only of "poor dear sister Mary." Dear Charles Lamb, I love you better than all the rest.

De Quincey here steps forward and tells me that truly to enjoy myself, I must have some solid regular pursuit—that I must bottom myself in one of the sciences. To which Montaigne answers that "according to the opinion of Plato, constancy, faith, and sincerity are the true philosophy, and the other sciences that are directed to other ends are but [illegible]." But quaint Jeremy Taylor says that "the grace of contentedness was the sum of all the old moral philosophy, and a great duty in Christianity, and of the most universal use in the whole course of our lives." "He were a strange fool," says he, "that should be angry because dogs and sheep need no shoes, and yet himself is full of care to get some—and if we murmur here, we may at the next melancholy be troubled that God did not make us to be angels or stars." "You must be governed by your needs, not by your fancy; by nature, not by evil customs and ambitious principles. He that would shoot an arrow out of a plough, or hunt a hare with an elephant is not unfortunate for missing the mark or prey." Some one was now heard faintly to stutter out that for his part he was "contented with little, yet wishing for more;" whereupon Tom Moore got up and said he thanked the speaker; that it was true he had written little verses, and he was proud to hear that Mr. Lamb was contented with them, but that if he wished for Moore poems he could easily be gratified. At this the faint voice stammered out, "Diddle diddle dumpling." This brought a sunny smile on every face, which, however, subsided into a decorous gravity, as I, their monarch, said to them: "De Quincey is right, my friends and subjects, so is Montaigne, and so is Jeremy Taylor. Everyone in his place, and don't presume to interrupt your sovereign (for I noticed that several were about to speak)—I, as your sovereign, will have no interruptions. I have bought you with money. (Here, Say, one of my ministers of finance, evidently had something [illegible]) The [illegible] questions, as I have already said, Mr. Say. [illegible] (for Mr. Say looked as though he was going to be obstreperous), go and talk to the Ettrick Shepherd, over in the corner there. By the smile on his face, he looks as though he might tell you something about practical Political Economy, and now I think of it, he was the friend of 'Fair Watty, who got his death by starvin' the stot.' (Mr. Say subsided, but instead of going to talk with Hogg, he went over into the opposite corner of the room, and both looked very much as though they were playing puss in the corner.) But, as I was going to say (here Say pricked up his ears), De Quincey, Montaigne, and Taylor, are all right in a measure—one ought to study some science—ought to have faith, constancy, and sincerity, and ought to be [illegible]. There can be no doubt but that the true object of education is—the just balancing of all the faculties. The three divisions into which the noble Lord Bacon, here present, has divided all the faculties—Memory, Reason, and Imagination—should all be cultivated. To Memory, the noble Lord assigns History; to Reason, Science; and to Imagination, Poetry.

I once had a favorite theory of my own, which was, that the reasoning faculties may be more greatly exercised in the study of History and Poetry, than in that of the Sciences; for in Science, thought I, we have the results already reasoned out for us, and all that is necessary is a careful reading to the understanding of them. But in History and Poetry we have only facts and imaginations presented to us, and we must draw our own conclusions from them, and reason out the results for ourselves. There is some truth in this theory, but the fallacy lies in confounding together the two very important classes of readers and students. I had compared the student of History with the reader of Science, not with the student of Science as I should have done, aiming, as he ought to do, at new discoveries. There can be no doubt but that the study of History and Poetry is a profound one, but that of Science is still more profound, and inasmuch as its results are exact and comparatively certain, the reasoning faculties are better disciplined, whereas, in reasoning on History, we are too apt to be led astray, by the uncertainty of its results, into mere chimeras of the imagination.

I see by your faces, most noble lords and gentlemen, that my oratory does not please your fastidious tastes. I acknowledge myself deficient in the graces of Oratory, but I have always considered them as entirely subservient to a greater (here Cicero's face assumed a most portentous frown)—that greater is Truth. That, indeed, should be our great aim, and if, after having discovered it, this short life of ours will admit of the cultivation of the graces of Oratory—well and good; but if not, we should pay little attention to them. (At this, Cicero bounced up in a terrible passion—"But, Sire," said he, "how can you persuade men without the graces of Oratory?") Silence, Mr. Cicero, it is your monarch who has the floor. But I will condescend to inform you, sir, that the graces of Truth as far exceed the graces of Oratory, as the sun does all the brilliant gas-light in the civilized world—but, gentlemen and noble lords, I am tired, and as it is my good pleasure to do just as I please, I forthwith dismiss this conference. Meanwhile, you shall stay just where I have placed you until it is my good pleasure to again consult you."

Then, [illegible] royal couch (single bedstead), and gazed into the [illegible] and eyes of my fair subject, Beatrice di Cenci, as she sat resting on the mantel-piece.

S.

THE PHOTOGRAPHS FROM RAFFAELLE'S CARTOONS.*

The Cartoons of Raffaelle have not escaped the usual fate of great works of art—to be more praised than appreciated. Of the thousands who pass in decorous file through the suite of rooms at Hampton Court, with that peculiar listless English holiday-maker's gaze which seems to swallow everything it falls upon with equal indifference—from the drums and musketoons of the guard-chamber, or the Delf-dragons and beaupots of the Queen's china-closet, to the heads of Holbein, the Venuses of Titian, or the Roman Triumph of Mantegna—how many really feel, as they pass through the singularly ill-lighted gallery which William the Dutchman commissioned Wren to build for the reception of the cartoons, that they are in the presence of some of the noblest designs of the greatest of painters? Probably there is none of that long series of rooms so quickly or so blankly hurried through by 99 out of every 100 visitors as the Cartoon Gallery; and, after all, humble folk may own the fact without self-condemnation, for has not Reynolds himself acknowledged that even he found it a long and laborious discipline to acquire the taste by which alone the masterpieces of the crowning epoch of Italian art can be fairly estimated? Perhaps it was always so.

Did Leo, when in 1514 he gave Raffaelle the commission for the designs of his Sistine tapestries, think as much of the power of the cartoons as of the splendor of the arras? We are at liberty to doubt it. The 11 designs got him only 434 ducats, not a fifth part of the price of a single hanging. When the tapestries were finished and sent to the Vatican no one thought of the cartoons. They seem to have been left—slit, pricked, and abraded—just as they had been cut from the canvas of the Flemish looms in the ateliers of the weaving-house, unvalued and unclaimed. Not even the pious care of Bernard van Orley (who had superintended the execution of the tapestries) reclaimed the designs on the death of his great master, a few months after the hangings had been suspended for the first time in the Chapel for the walls of which they were designed. They were so hung on St. Stephen's day (December 26), 1519. On the 6th of April, 1520, the brain which had planned them was still—the hand which had traced the original compositions, stiff and cold.

Perhaps the master himself, in the prodigality of his power, thought little of them, though designed and partly executed, it is true, by himself, but (in the main) his only in thought and composition; in handiwork, his pupils, Francesco Penni, Giulio Romano, and Giovanni da Udine, chief among them.

So lay the cartoons in the Flemish weaver's atelier—seven of them, at least,—for one, "The Stoning of St. Stephen," was in the possession of Cardinal Grimani at Venice, as early as 1526, and three others, "The Conversion of St. Paul," "Paul in Prison at Philippi," and the "Coronation of the Virgin") had [illegible] no one knows how or where—till Rubens [illegible] called the attention of Charles I. to them, and they were bought by the King "for a high price." But they do not seem to have been, yet regarded as works of art, to be hung and admired, even on their rough paper, in their half-effaced distemper colors, with the mark of the loom-worker's hands still upon them. It was no doubt to serve as designs for tapestry that Charles bought them; and when his collection came to be sold after what Dr. Waagen calls "his lamentable death," the cartoons were still [illegible] Vanderdoort's Catalogue) two of them "in a slit deal case," and the other five in the [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Burghley-house, and [illegible] Whether a set of the [illegible] to be seen, together we are not [illegible]

At [illegible] Charles's pictures Cromwell secured [illegible] the nation, for £300, whether because [illegible] the continuance of tapestry works—[illegible] as some hangings could hardly [illegible] Puritan taste—or because he instinct[illegible] greatness in art.

[illegible] that we owe to Cromwell and William [illegible] the acquisition of the cartoons [illegible] and their preservation from utter decay; [illegible] between the two they had a narrow [illegible] Charles II. was on the point of selling them to [illegible] all the Lord Treasurer could do to [illegible] the clutches of Barillon. Probably [illegible] the money they were to have raised by [illegible]

[illegible] found the cartoons apparently still in [illegible] tapestry weavers had left them. [illegible] Cooke, an indifferent painter, [illegible] Wilson, had charge of the Royal Galleries [illegible] the slips, to reline the pieced sheets, and [illegible] to restore their color. To Henry Cooke [illegible] some of the most startling coarse[illegible] cartoons as we now see them, not a little [illegible] of the slips, and a great deal too much de[illegible] of his colored restorings from the [illegible], as marked by the needle of the [illegible] pricking his outline preparatory to pounc[illegible]. It was William, too, who direct[illegible] and erect a gallery for the cartoons, [illegible] now hang in. Wren is not the only great [illegible] has built a picture-gallery in which it is [illegible] to see pictures. But this at Hampton Court [illegible] one of the worst of the many bad cases of [illegible] achievement. The light strikes just [illegible] five of the pictures, and, to make matters [illegible] instead of downwards. At each extrem[illegible] gallery hangs a cartoon quite in shade. Any [illegible] of these works as now hung is [illegible]possible. Something might be done to im[illegible] lighting of them, however, even where they [illegible] Department of Works, for instance, could [illegible] block up all Wren's windows, and to open [illegible] the blank space now left between the win[illegible] the ceiling, and at the same time to lower the [illegible] the level of the eye, much that is now alto[illegible]visible would be brought to light, and we [illegible] enabled to judge better than we can at pres[illegible] [illegible] by Raffaelle's, and what Raffaelle's pu[illegible] what most certainly is neither the one's nor [illegible]

[illegible] not propose to say anything here of the sub[illegible] merits of the cartoons. Their subjects are so [illegible], and their merits have been so abundantly [illegible] that the little our space would enable us to [illegible] head would be very like impertinence.

[illegible] facts above mentioned as to the history of [illegible] seemed worth recalling in a notice of such [illegible] of them as only the scientific magic of [illegible] could have rendered possible. The cartoons, [illegible] the greatest works of Raffaelle in the [illegible] have hitherto been very inadequately [illegible] of Raffaelle, and [illegible] [illegible] years, and procured for him the honor of knighthood in 1719, the inadequate mezzotints of Simon and Kirkall, and the tame and mannered, though painstaking renderings of Holloway, and Burnet's rough and ready but spirited combinations of the work of the lines-machine and etching-needle, we are compelled to turn with a painful sense of insufficiency and incompleteness. Dorigny's work is the best; but a good set of his cartoons at the present day is both rare and costly. Holloway spent the best part of a lifetime on his series, but they satisfy us, for all this labor, even less than the dashing reproductions of John Burnet, which, up to this time, have stood unrivalled as vehicles for cheap and general dissemination of a knowledge of the cartoons. At length the sun and science have been set to work, and the result is the remarkable publication which gives occasion to this article. By this work Messrs. Colnaghi, and their associates, Signors Caldesi and Montecchi, have fairly earned the credit of having made the most important application as yet seen of photography to the fine arts. Even the reproduction by this means of the drawings of old masters in the Louvre, the Uffizii, the Royal Gallery at Vienna, and our own Museum, does less for the noblest class of art than what has at length been done for the cartoons of Raffaelle. In them we have the master's combined and completed ideas set before us; in the drawings we have but rudiments and detached parts and first intentions. The point in which photography is at fault—as in its more or less unfaithful rendering of certain colors—in the case of cartoons, is of minor importance. Their color is their least charm now, whatever it may have been when they came from Raffaelle's studio; and after a detailed comparison of the photographs with the cartoons we are able to say that in very few and altogether unimportant cases have the photographic mutations of color materially affected the balance of light and shade, still less interfered with the expression of heads, or impaired the distinctness with which the story is told.

These photographs are of three dimensions—the largest, about 44 by 30 inches (a size, however, which varies with the different scale of the originals); the middle size, about 29 by 19 inches; and the smallest, 14 by 9. The largest set is sold at 14 guineas, or at 2½ guineas per single piece; the middle at 7 guineas, or £1 5s. [illegible]; and the smallest at 35s. the set, or 5s. separately. These prices are low enough to bring the cartoons within the reach of even light purses. Indeed, considering at once merits of execution and dimensions, the publication is not less remarkable for cheapness than for excellence.

To have these photographs is to have the cartoons [illegible], minus their color, which must always have been of secondary importance, and is now both faded and [illegible]. For professional students of art the usefulness of this publication cannot be exaggerated. Besides these photographs of whole cartoons, the portfolio [illegible] series of separate heads or portions [illegible] the same size as the originals. Of the value of these to lovers and learners of [illegible]

The power of photographic manipulation these reproductions appear to us among the most remarkable things yet made public. By the use of the [illegible] [illegible]

The well-known and worthy publishers, among all the good and great art that they have helped to [illegible] from Raffaelle, have given no set of prints to the world at once so good in their subject-matter, and so perfect in their reproduction of their originals as this portfolio of photographs from the cartoons of Raffaelle. If they are not rewarded for their enterprise by a large and permanent sale, we should recommend them to renounce high art altogether for dogs and monkeys, Royal families, and the other wares which enriches publishers, if it leaves the level of public taste unraised.—*London Times.*

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* Published by Messrs. Colnaghi, Caldesi, and Montecchi, London.

PREFACES AND DEDICATIONS.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

Old Forest, Christmas Eve.

Looking into the box of books just sent down from London to the Country Book-Club, of which I am a member, I am reminded of my having pryed into a similar box nearly forty years ago. I was a little child then, and the literary consignment had come down by the coach to my father's house,—all new books for himself and some neighbors. There were several folios; most of the volumes were clad in homely drab-colored boards, with white paper labels on the backs. There were the "works" of some author in large quarto, which I suspect were Peter Pindar's; and a huge life of some one with a portrait; and a set, probably of magazines, solidly bound in brown leather with ribbed backs. They did not attract young folks like me, but rather gently warned them not to touch, unless their minds should happen to be prematurely grave; their liking for story-books or pictures quite sobered down by school discipline, with the ordinary propensity of young people to soil and dogsear. If, then, I lifted the cover of one unmanageable volume and glanced at the frontispiece, it was with no small degree of awe, and with a fear of being caught meddling with what beyond all doubt, and on the very first face of things, could not concern a child.

Our Book-Club's box is a very different thing. You cannot look into it without shading your eyes with your hands. With its crimson, green, gold, azure, scarlet, orange, purple, and pink bindings, the box looks like a tulip-bed lying in the sun, or might be fancifully compared to a crowd of Belgravian footmen, seized by some tyrant in all their splendors, and cruelly consigned for slavery in a vessel's hold.

Clever titles appear to be in fashion now, and bid fair to return to the metaphorical ingenuity of the Commonwealth writers. Most people can remember the time when a Life of Smith was as sure to be called a Life of Smith, and to bear the words "Smith's Life" upon the label at the back as anything in this world could be; but now I see you would only put Smith's name at the top, and call it a "Life History" or a "Soul's Struggle," or something of that. Ah! well, I suppose I am already an antiquated person, with taste decidedly out of date: but there is one thing that strikes me on looking into these new volumes as a novelty, to which I am inclined to be reconciled. Not a solitary dedication can I find in any book in all the box: even prefaces seem to be fast on the decline,—a change I am more doubtful about,—for I find but one or two books with them, one being a weak tale in three volumes, prefaced by an address beginning "How do ye do? my public? fatter, eh! my public?" and going on in that strain.

I think it was the present Poet-Laureate who set the fashion, which the verse-men have since adopted, of appearing in the severe plainness of no preface or dedication. I would not willingly part with prefaces—[illegible] some [illegible] written, like the taking title-pages which Edmund Curll, bookseller, at the Dial and Bible, left to his sorrowing wife upon his supposed death-bed—invaluable titles in red and black letter, which "only wanted treatises wrote to them," and in his bibliopolic eye were a sure provision for his family,—for all are agreed that prefaces should tell you something—why the author wrote the book, or at least why he imagines that he wrote it, and what was his precise design. There is no time saved by the eager haste of a reader who will open a History of Mankind, and start at once to read it all through. It would be better for him that there should be some prefatory matter, if it were but to whet his appetite by its dullness and cold formality; but in most prefaces the reader will be sensible of a certain cheerfulness of spirit, a subdued but jubilant tone, indicative of satisfaction over a labor ended, a pleasant contentment, or an overweening faith in the value and importance of the work transparent through all its conventional humility, but not unpleasing to a meditative mind. I know that life is short, while art is long—that few writers go straight to the point, even when fairly embarked upon their journey,—that every day brings forth its crop of new books, all demanding to be read; but it is not well to be hurried.

Prefaces were great things in Johnson's days, but they wanted all the charm of the author's real presence. They were of a kind which savors somewhat of a fraud. A notion, fitted to that stately age, had gone abroad that "dignity" was essential to a preface as well as to a dedication, so that by a cold utilitarian division of literary labor the author and the prefacer were wholly put asunder. It was supposed that few men could write a preface well: it was a gift no more to be presumed in you, because you had written the book, than because you had performed Captain Barclay's famous feat. Johnson—as all readers of Boswell know—was continually called upon to hold one of those vicarious parleys with the reader, and he liked the task. To what the work treated of, he was avowedly indifferent: a Medical Dictionary—a Treatise on the Globes—an Introduction to the Game of Draughts—a Catalogue of Paintings—were equally fitted to his pompous sentences. Nor did he even desire to see the work he wrote of. "Sir," he says in a famous passage in Boswell, speaking of an author for whom he had performed this service, "I never saw the man, and never read the book. The booksellers wanted a preface to a Dictionary of Trade and Commerce: I knew what such a Dictionary should be, and I wrote a preface accordingly." Was this honest? was it fair towards the buyer, who had patiently read it through, supposing that he was really getting real glimpses of the author's self? Johnson, [illegible], even the writing of dedications for others, ascribing fabulous virtues to persons he knew nothing of. He was too proud and independent to write dedications for himself; but the temptation of a task demanding unwonted magniloquence blinded him. He would avowedly dedicate any book for anybody, "provided it were innocent;" and he even, as Boswell again tells us, dedicated some Music for the German Flute to the Duke of York. Was it to please poor Goldy? The obsequious Boswell bought all these doubtful books—base treatises on trade, and such inelegant and uninviting subjects, for the mere sake of their pompous but precious introductions, until his purse was emptied; and he records a flattering remonstrance—"What an expense, Sir, do you put us to in buying books to which you have written Prefaces or Dedications.—*Johnson.* Why, I have dedicated to the royal family all round.—*Goldsmith.* And perhaps, Sir, not one sentence of wit in a whole Dedication.—*Johnson.* Perhaps not, Sir." That was a daring remark; no other man then living could have made it, even in jest, and gone away unrebuked. A preface may be short, but it must, I think, be the author's own composition. The preface to Goldsmith's immortal novel is but a dozen lines; but they are filled with the writer's good nature and [illegible], and could hardly have been written by any other hand.

Since men began to write books, prefaces have borne a certain resemblance to each other; and it is curious sometimes to see how the young author and preface-writer repeats the notions of centuries ago, and dreams that they are his. The work which they introduce is the fruit of a few leisure hours, or the amusement of some idle moments, stolen, bless you, from an employment quite alien from such business as this. I suppose that there is a fascination in such excuses which prevents the writer's perceiving that the reader does not care a fig whether they be true or not; or why should an accomplished writer, who published some Essays the other day, embody in their very title the fact that they were "written in the intervals of business?" If anything, I suppose they are likely to be the worse for it. How then can the announcement attract me to read or buy? A commoner species of literary affectation was the pretence, elaborately maintained by every kind of invention in the preface, that the author was drawn onward to receive his crown of fame wholly against his will, and in spite of the most strenuous and persevering resistance. The humblest writer laid the whole blame of his appearance upon the officious persuasion of private admirers. He was compelled to publish, as Pope maliciously interpolated it, "by (hunger and) request of friends." A higher class of literary gentlemen never published at all: or, if they did, it was only to shield themselves from the rascality of booksellers, who having purloined and printed an imperfect copy, compelled them, much to their annoyance, to publish in self-defence a less ridiculous version. Poor Curll, Pope's famous adversary, was in this way the scapegoat of his day. It is now known, beyond all doubt, that his "surreptitious" publication of Pope's Letters, of which Pope bitterly complained in canting advertisements, was simply the act of Pope himself, through Curll's convenient agency. The unfortunate bookseller was tricked on all sides by the poet and his agents—his money and "good bills" obtained in exchange for imperfect copies—his stock seized—himself brought to the bar of the House of Lords for breach of privilege, and his name associated with knavish dealings forever—and all for the sake of convincing the world that Mr. Pope had no hand in the business; for, in truth, even in those days, the excuse was become too hackneyed to be believed without some such extraordinary stimulus. Pope, therefore, did not scruple to complain in a solemn preface, now prefixed to all editions of his Letters, that an infamous method had been employed to obtain copies, and negotiations opened with people in necessities, and to deplore that the law provided no remedy for so great and so growing an evil. But he did not forget to tell the reader that the letters (which, as has been shown in the *Athenæum*, he had manufactured and elaborately doctored for publication) were "a proof of what were his real sentiments, as they flowed warm from the heart, and fresh from the occasion, without the least thought that ever the world should be witness to them." The works for which, according to their authors, we are indebted to these roguish publishers, would make an illustrious catalogue. It is amusing to mark in the letters of Gray the poet's manœuvres to escape the responsibility of Dodsley's publication of his famous "Elegy," and even to get some alterations inserted, without doing violence to this fiction. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's celebrated Letters would never have reached the public but for unparalleled knavery of this kind. She herself never published anything. Scarcely one of Swift's publications, save his edition of Temple's Works, was ever acknowledged to be anything but booksellers' roguery, which the author—such was the negligence of friends—could not prevent, and was too dignified to complain of. Stolen manuscripts, all ready edited and prefaced, dropped into publishers' letter-boxes,—but sometimes droll tricks were resorted to in order to obtain the "copy-money." Publishers understood this kind of thing too well to be nice about pillorying themselves in prefaces and "addresses from the bookseller," wherein they generally displayed a knowledge of the subject whereof the book discoursed, no whit inferior to their author's; but did not scruple to avow that he—poor, persecuted gentleman—whom they had resolved, for the good of mankind, to drag into the broad daylight of renown, knew nothing of the matter,—had not corrected a sheet, or lent sanction or countenance to the transaction in any way. Though Waller's printer, after numerous editions, confesses at last to have slightly shaken his illustrious author in that stoical resolve; and that, wearied with his publisher's importunity, he had at last given him leave to assure the reader that the poems which had been so long and so ill set forth under his name were now given as he first wrote them, and also to add some others: a dangerous admission, which in those days might have confounded their author with the "herd of scribblers," an ideal body, which every writer was in the habit of scornfully repudiating. No less common, and equally transparent in its insincerity, is a kind of preface which succeeded this—and even to this day is frequently met with—the preface in which the author pretends to lay down the principles of art upon which works like his should be written. Tried by the canons laid down, the work they introduce is always perfect; but in most cases it is not difficult to perceive that the principles have been drawn from the work itself, and justify even its defects. The preface to Bishop Hurd's "Dialogues" is a good example; but it must be admitted that French writers are the most audacious in this way. And who does not know the preface which rates the public for preferring the author's best works to his worst; and insists, and proves to the author's own satisfaction, that the worst is the best, and the public all wrong?

Dedications involve the somewhat hackneyed subject of Patronage, and carry us back to the days when Literature hung upon the favor of the great, and talked a cant about its miseries which is not now quite obsolete. The old pompous dedication is quite gone, except in Spain, I am told; where, within this century, a dedication to a duke would set forth his names, titles, and offices, sometimes to the extent of three entire pages and some lines of a fourth. The servility of Dryden's dedications is a commonplace in literary gossip. Old servile dedications, I find, frequently vanish in subsequent editions; the writer, I suppose, having spent the patron's money, and become ashamed of the matter. Cunning plans were resorted to of multiplying dedications by affixing a different one to every division of the work. So Thompson's "Seasons" has a dedication for each seasons, and Young's "Night Thoughts" has no less than seven. Thompson, I think, recanted a dedication to a great man on a subsequent quarrel with him. D'Israeli tells us of a fraudulent author who had a number of dedications printed, and bound up a different one with each presentation copy of his work, by which he obtained repeated fees. Spenser's sixteen dedicatory sonnets to the 'Faery Queen' have already been referred to. Otway boasted of being the first who made an epistle dedicatory to his bookseller,—adding that it was just, for he "paid honestly for the copy." I suppose this was a hint to patrons of his day—the spendthrift nobles of King Charles's court—who sometimes got the dedication, but compelled the unfortunate poet to "call again" for his fee; for he has, I find, no insuperable objections to a courtly address. His immortal play of "Venice Preserved" is dedicated to the King's mistress, the Dutchess of Portsmouth,—"when others," he says, "kept back, and shaded me from those royal beams, whose warmth is all I have or hope to live by, your noble pity and compassion found me." But Otway's prefaces and dedications were not always worldly wise; and in his prologues, which are a sort of preface and dedication of play to audience, he rated the pit well for its censoriousness and ignorance, calling his judges fops, bullies, fools, would-be wits, rule-and-rote critics, in a way that was hardly prudent.

Pope has the credit of having put an end to the old abject dedication, and inaugurated a better reign; but it should not, for truth's sake, be forgotten that Pope had found a more profitable system of patronage, in getting subscriptions from the great and wealthy of all parties, with which he built up his Twickenham House and his Grotto, and laid out his "quincunx," and planted his "vines,"—and afterwards sneered at literary hacks and learned want. His generous dedication of the Iliad to Congreve was a clever way of taking neutral ground in those times of stormy politics. But it is, nevertheless, true that the history of the independence of Literature begins from his time. Johnson said the booksellers were "generous, liberal men"; and Boswell adds, in a passage oft-quoted and seldom questioned, that "he considered them as the patrons of literature": but in such language there is again a manifest exaggeration. The virtue of Otway's bookseller is all they can, and all they need, lay claim to—he "paid honestly for the copy." Johnson rejoiced over the decline of patronage; but it was hardly consistent with this, I think, to attack Lord Chesterfield, on his complimenting his Dictionary, to boast that he was so little accustomed to favors from the great that he knew not well how to acknowledge the praises,—to remind the peer of having waited in his ante-chambers, and never received an act of assistance, though he afterwards remembered ten guineas,—or even to fling in his panegyrist's teeth the remark that he did not expect such treatment, for he never had a patron before.

Dedications, when you meet with them now-a-days, are generally addressed to authors' friends or relatives; and frequently take the form of an epistle, beginning off-hand "My dear Emily"; but sometimes we have a pretentious simplicity, borrowed, I suppose, from French tombstones,—mere inscriptions, such as "To my Mother," or to some other relative, standing alone in a field of white margin. Occasionally you meet with a dedication to the memory of somebody deceased, whose name you are left to guess from initials; and sometimes you find the work dedicated "To my Wife," with a public declaration of the lady's many virtues. All this is perhaps harmless; but it would be better to allow the system of dedicating—now become so very feeble and spiritless—to die out and be forgotten.—*London Athenæum.*

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 22, 1859.

POOR PUNCH!

Mr. Punch is growing old. It is of no avail that his artistic valets, Messrs. Leech and Tenniel, dress him in the newest modes. In vain is he *ganté* by Jouvin, and *chaussé* by Huber. The poor gentleman ages rapidly. There is an ominous unsteadiness in his gait, and he is occasionally even incoherent in his talk. We miss that terrible strident laugh with which, in the days of his intellectual strength, the remorseless cynic withered D'Israeli and O'Connell and other glittering shams. We also miss that exuberance of kindly humor which, bright and gentle as the April sunshine, he flung round everything that was honest, and true, and manly. Now his laugh is too often a feeble cackle, his hearty humor no more than senile banter. Occasionally the old spirit flashes out when some great occasion fires the sluggish blood of the decayed wit; but he quickly relapses into harmless dulness. This is Mr. Punch as author and satirist only, for if he is weak with the pen, his pencil is more sweeping, vigorous, and trenchant than it has ever been.

Punch was born of Necessity. When he was first conceived the old forms of wit were used up and stale. The stately sarcasm, the ingenious epigram, the meretricious *double entendre*, in which our grandfathers and grandmothers took delight, had fluttered away into the shade of the past. Wit, in brocade and paint, and high-heeled shoes, was out of keeping with a vivacious, straightforward, "no biggodd nonsense" century, that knew the use of its fists as well as the use of the small-sword, and had a habit of speaking its mind in sturdy Saxon to the discomfiture of all courtly phrases. The knot of jolly young men who, one evening, sixteen years ago, in the Wrekin Tavern, London, bred and baptised the laughing philosopher known to the world as Punch, represented this muscular, indomitable wit, which grappled everything base and mean with the ferocity of an English bull-dog, and to all things truthful and honest, was chivalrous, and noble, and tender as one of Arthur's Paladins. The advent of this genial yet wrathful humor was hailed by the English people with the same feelings of gratitude and delight that the rustics of the olden time hailed the brave knight who came to deliver them from the dragon that preyed upon the helpless villagers. When Sir Jerrold and Sir Thackeray came riding down the hill with their lances couched against the monstrous Humbugs that basked in the fens and swamps of society, a great roar of glee from the mouths of honest Britons greeted the manly deliverers. The Humbugs struggled hard, but they had no chance against such fierce and plucky warriors. Had it been Sir Addison—accomplished champion as he was—who had come down the hill to the rescue, he would have whipped out a silver-hilted rapier and delicately wounded the dragons. But Sir Jerrold and Sir Thackeray carried not alone lance, but mighty battle-axe and ponderous mace, and hammered away at the huge nuisances until they did not leave one scale upon another. It was the first time that British pluck, so famous in other fields, appeared in the social arena, and, as it always does, went in to stay there, or come out on the other side.

It was this manly spirit in dealing with the vital questions of the day which distinguished Punch from all other satirical papers, and made it a household companion with the athletic English people. The Paris *Charivari* was brilliant, saucy, and aggressive. Yet its attacks were those of a *maitre d'armes*, rapid and dazzling, but deficient in solidity. The *Charivari* was a warrior on the tight rope, active, elastic, and dangerous, but unsure of foot. Punch was a heavy-weight, good-natured, simple, and rollicking, when the word was play, but a tremendous hitter when once in the ring. The *Fliegende Blätter*, its German comrade in humor and satire, is, with the best intentions, infinitely inferior to the English paper. It is ponderously humorous and clumsily caustic. It is, like everything German, digressive and episodical. One of the most wonderful characteristics of Punch is the dogged perseverance with which it sticks to any subject it once lays hold of. In this the bull-dog again. How many years was it nasal with the Duke of Wellington and Lord Brougham! The Alpine nose of the one, and the flexile trunk of the other, supplied it for many a day with pictorial food. This may seem a childish joke—caricaturing a man's nose every week—and not worth the repetition. But there was a deeper principle involved. The Punch representation of Lords Brougham and Wellington, came by ceaseless reiteration to stand for the Punch theory of said lords, as the ⋈ in algebra stands for the unknown quantity. The public being familiarised with the grotesque side of the *personnel* of these men, comprehended at a glance the propriety of the various grotesque positions in which the satirist placed them. As the people were every week accustomed to behold them in an exaggerated form, so an exaggerated position seemed natural enough. The joke was taken in more rapidly, for all knew the characters at a glance. The Duke of Wellington was made more familiar to the English people through the pencil of Mr. John Leech than by the battle of Waterloo. This system of continual harping on one subject is the secret of journalistic success. No sham can stand an attack every day or every week. There is but one daily newspaper in New York that has comprehended this. The *Daily Times* is occasionally clever. The *Tribune* sometimes humorous, and even severe on some social question. But it is only for a day. The *New York Herald*—with all its sins—is the only journal that comprehends the principle involved in the well known aphorism "*[illegible]*."

But the brilliant days of Punch are over. Not pictorially—for John Leech, may his shadow never be less, still lives—but as a literary power its reign has ceased; we will venture to assert that there are not two out of every dozen people in this country who buy Punch that read it. They look at the pictures, laugh at the pictorial jokes, talk about them at the next ball, and are profoundly ignorant of everything that the editorial corps of that sheet have concocted. No more Songs of the Shirt. No more Candle lectures. No more comic Blackstones. No more little dinners at Timmins's. Mr. Punch as a writer, we regret to say, is either flippant or dreary. The stalwart pens that once bristled round the sanctum in Fleet street, now fight in other fields. Young and inferior men have been gazetted, vice Jerrold and Thackeray promoted. Punch now indulges in the oldest of jokes. In the very last number we find a paragraph headed "To the schoolmaster who is said to be abroad," the opening sentence of which runs as follows: "You are requested to return home immediately, and see if you cannot make the postage stamps *stick to their letters* rather better than they have lately done." Can anything be more melancholy than this? Who does not remember the antique "Why is a schoolboy like a postage stamp?" and the facetious reply "Because you must lick both to make them stick to their letters?" The rest of the number is occupied by paragraphs of the mildest order of jocularity, chiefly founded on advertisements taken from the London *Times*; the advertisement being an unfailing resource for the third rate comic writer when he wants to make copy.

But, pictorially, Punch is yet unrivalled. Leech, who is humorous, gallant, pathetic, tender, satiric with his pencil, is its life. No man has ever painted contemporary society so well. One meets his men and women every day. His "swell" gave us a figure the other afternoon in Hyde Park. We danced with his fashionable young lady a few evenings ago at Lady Dodo's ball. One can't look on those drawings of his as drawings. They are bits of life, seen through a hole cut in a sheet of paper. What charming girls does the fellow introduce us to! what arch eyes! what necks and shoulders! what round, elastic figures! See that one in the last number that Mr. Punch—Punch, who in spite of nose and humps Mr. Leech when he likes can make a courtly gentleman—see that lovely girl he has caught under the mistletoe, and is kissing with the exultant but rather unintelligible crow of "Rooti-tooit—I've got cher!" One envies the old villain, who—dwarf that he is—mounts upon the plateau of crinoline that juts from the lovely being's waist, and salutes her with the most youthful enthusiasm.

There is a vignette in the preceding number, by Leech, which, though sketchy, possesses that rare combination of humor and pathos that distinguishes the true comic artist, and which, with all due respect to Mr. Big-wig, Hogarth did *not* possess. The cut simply personifies two Christmas puddings. It is the season of revel. The mistletoe hangs on the castle wall, and the laugh is loud in the old oak hall. Everybody who has money is happy, and everybody who has not is miserable. In this day of jollity the puddings meet. One a portly plum-pudding—worth several plums—oleaginous and arrogant and reeking with saccharine juice. He is marching along the street with his pudding-head *au vent*; his surface dotted over with an eruption of raisins, and a sprig of the festive holly in his hat. By his side, shivering and lank, and thinly studded with the seasonable fruits, trots the poor man's Pudding. He stuffs his gloveless hands into his pockets, for he feels Christmas only by its cold. He dares not look at his portly neighbor, but he mutters as he goes by—and oh! what a plea for poverty is there in the joke—"Ah! don't I wish I was as rich as you."

But as a literary power, Punch is dead. Whether he will ever rise again—with the occasion—we cannot say. But we labor under the impression that, like Empire, westward the course of satire takes its way. England at present owns no poetic satirist equal to Mr. James Russell Lowell, whose chief fault is that he has buried himself in a university, and has consequently ceased to be universal. America is undoubtedly destined to produce within the next ten years a comic paper which shall out-Punch Punch. Many efforts have been made, and all have been failures. With ten thousand dollars and the artistic and literary talent that is running wild here, a first class comic paper can be made a success in this city in twelve months. Poor Punch!

JOY IN WRITING.

A Railroad Meditation.

You owe this article to an incident to me personally disagreeable. After several week's absence in the West, I had got as far on my return as Trenton, New Jersey. Being heated in the cars, anxious for fresh air, and hearing that there were five minutes to stay, I ventured out, but hardly had I taken a few paces when I heard the train start away behind me. In vain I shouted; the locomotive shouted more loudly than I could—and not only do time and steam wait for no man, but time and steam return to no man. So here I am, at the railroad station, without books, newspapers, magazines; without novel, romance, poem, or biography. A biography I have, indeed, within, but to escape going over *that*, as much as from any other motive, I sit down to scribble, and to fill up some of the duration, which lies between this hour of noon—January the 15th, 1859—and the day of doom—or 8 o'clock in the evening, when the next train comes along. I have pen, ink, and paper, however, as these presents bear witness. Such are grand instruments for amusing one's self, although they may also be instruments for annoying others. And yet what an insult it would have been had any one told the biggest of book-makers, that, as to any practical purpose, he was merely amusing himself in the mighty folios he was with such labor building up. What would great old Ockham have thought of you had you told him this? What would the writer of "The Book of Sentences" have thought? What would Flavell, who made a massive folio on the Human Soul, have thought? What would any of these giants, these men who did the *heavy* business in letters, have thought had you insinuated even in the most delicate manner, that in packing their minds into bulky tomes, which would sleep in the dust of centuries, their impulse was not very different from that which works in the mind of a traveller stopped on his journey, and seeking for some manner to pass time? But then, again, what gladsome and glorious blessings are these instruments of the Mind! Even if what they do may be neglected, or only serve to vex, what comfort they give to those who use them! "Samivel Veller," when he squared his elbows to write his first love letter, and licked his lips at every syllable, was doubly a man—first, because he was in love, and secondly, because he could, in however rude a fashion, write out the love he felt. Had the poor fellow not been able to write, how that love must have scalded his heart, and how the absence which forbade all vocal utterance must have tormented him! But Poetry in his soul, which tortured the "King's English" as he put it upon paper, was relieving music to his heart; it was rapturous song to her who received it—who probably could read as imperfectly as Samivel could write it. Pope says that writing was invented for the sake of lovers. Poor Pope! He knew such passion well—but not for passion as it agonized in such as he, did love ever invent writing. There is a joy in writing which none but writers know, and for the joy it gives I am willing to bear any sort of nonsense in which I think that joy has been felt,—sincerely felt. What a number of writers in our literature have all their real title to esteem from this geniality and joy of utterance! In this, in truth, they have their genius. The remark will apply particularly to the essayists. Evidently, Montaigne wrote in the mere love of writing. He had no public before him. When people accuse him, therefore, of being a corrupt and gross man, they make a very false judgment. If he wrote in our day as he did in his, the accusation might be felt. But there was no public in the time of Montaigne as [illegible]. He had no idea of corrupting men [illegible] idea of improving them. He was [illegible], and he loved to write. He [illegible] the good nor the evil of Humanity. He [illegible] express himself, and all that he has written [illegible] in the *manner*, but in the *spirit* of a Montaigne. He is always in undress, always as if speaking [illegible]. Perhaps when he wrote those strange and [illegible] *able-aloud* thinkings, he did not imagine Public Publication. Yet take even cultivated men [illegible], and you find that Montaigne does but express what most of them feel, but which from altered [illegible] they would not dare to express, and which in altered situations, they ought *not* to express. [illegible] was a man who had a passion for expression—writing was his medium, and therefore he took to writing. He was not a talker, and if he had been, he had none to whom he could talk. But that he did not care to talk, or care for that mode of self-utterance, may be inferred from the description of his house, and the position of his library. Addison evidently loved to write, and found a joy in writing. It is this joy in writing which gives to the compositions of Addison their wealth, and music, and beauty. He does not instruct—he enchants. You do not look to him for new truths, but you are sure to find in him fresh emotions. They well up from his nature in all its sweet affections, and passions. Yet had not Addison loved to write, the world would have lost all that Addison has given it.

Then, there is Charles Lamb; we should have had nothing from him in letters but for his love of writing. For years he was stuck upon the stool of his clerkship; but ledgers could not satisfy him. He was no machine that could be regulated by the debit and credit sides of a balance-sheet. He longed for another life, which only the pen of free thought and free excitement could give him. Through this passionate desire, Charles Lamb, instead of being what Kossuth would call an "unnamed demigod" of "The India-House," has become the "ELIA OF THE WORLD." We all know him now through his immortal qualities of tragedy and comedy; but if there were nothing of him but what he did for the India-House, he would have been to the world as the remotest of the Pharaohs. And then Hazlitt, what a joy he had in writing! The fact is, no one can do writing well who has not this joy. Without it, the style is mechanical and artificial. The lyric flow of inspiration is never in it. Without joy, style is merely rhetoric, and there is nothing so remote from eloquence as rhetoric; there is nothing so remote from a truth as a truism, and a universally accepted common-place is the surest to be a universally accepted falsehood. This is what people will *not* see, and so come cant, conventionalism, and imitation.

I have delighted in the reading of Hazlitt, because I felt that he had delight in what he wrote. Joyless as the man was to the world, and to his friends, he had often real ecstacy in himself—in the memories of his childhood, youth, and early manhood. With what sad and solemn eloquence he often refers to those days—those days of dreams and beauty, which, as I have said elsewhere, "come *once* to the most wretched, and never come *twice* to the most blessed." With luxurious delight, I have read his reflections written in a country inn, as he looked out on the garden landscape of an English rural district, and while I read, I remembered rural inns, and rural landscapes, in Ireland, which surpassed all that he described. Now, at this bare, vulgar, and barren railway station, his pictures loom up to my mental vision, and the melancholy music of his words lingers in my ear. I care not much for Hazlitt's criticism; but for the *spirit* in which he wrote, his strong personality, his lyrical individualism, for *that* I care a great deal; I care for it with love, because of its vitality, its force, and its independence. I am no artist, not even an æsthetic connoisseur, but if any person enjoys in looking at a picture by Titian one-tenth as much as I do in reading a description of it by Hazlitt, he has indeed an exceeding satisfaction. His words penetrate me, as the picture [illegible]trate him: the picture seemed to penetrate him from the eye-ball to the marrow; his description penetrates me from the eye-ball to the soul. I wish I had seen Mrs. Siddons in Lady Macbeth; I wish I had seen Edmund Kean in Shylock; I wish I had heard Sebastian Bache upon the organ; I wish I had heard Paganini on the violin; I wish I had heard Catalani sing; yet hardly inferior to the pleasure which these great individuals could have given me, is that which I have derived from reading Hazlitt's commentaries on art. He *lived into* his subject, and as he lived into it, he wrote.

But somewhat too much of this. The next train will soon be on. Yet now that I have got my tools at work—I kindle to my toil, and my toil has already become pleasure. If such pleasure it is with a proser like myself—what must writing have been to the gods? Oh! it is no wonder that ancient sages and singers thought it inspiration. Glorious it is, beyond all other arts. What can any other artist do—compared with the writer? The architect, grandest of all artists in his conception, is the most limited and dependent as to opportunity of impression. His work is fixed; it is local. People must come too see it; and when they do come too see it, they may little understand it. The sculptor can have larger influence. His statue can be removed, or it can be felt through copies, or from casts: the painter can, better than any of these, explain himself—but more extensively than all, more clearly, more distinctly, more spiritually, the *writer* can reproduce his ideas, and circulate them through the millions.

Speaking thus, I am speaking of writing which delights the reader.

What writing does not delight the writer? What Parson or Priest does not write his sermon, and feel while he writes it, as if it might be that of a Bossuet, a Massillon, a Chalmers or a Robert Hall—a Channing or a Martineau? I feel with every such preacher, and however small may be the measure of his intellect, I shall the more enjoy his sermon the more he has had joy in the writing of it. Tracts, pamphlets, orations, speeches, occasional poems, (God bless the mark!) are given to me by the score; I do not read them; it would be sad labor to me, if I did:—but, like Paley, when he saw the tadpoles sport in the warm frog-pond, I rejoice in the happy life which the authors must have had while they were in the rapture of conception and gestation. It is a mistake to suppose that only great writers have enthusiasm. Every creature has pleasure in the measure of its being. The dunce who scribbles a small essay, doats over it, as the genius who brings forth a great idea: for the cat as maternally licks her kitten, as the tigress licks her whelp. When I look abroad into the wilds of nature—where no human consciousness has place—I find pleasure in the thought that some *other* consciousness is there; at least, in this small planet of our own. So when I look through the dead spaces of a great library, I rejoice that there had been a vast mass of consciousness in the creation of it, though into real vitality it will never come again. I look on a set of stately folios, which some man has spent his life in composing, with a feeling hesitant between grief and gladness: grieved that so much work of mind should be now encircled by dust and tenanted by worms; glad to think how abundant the joy was to him who wrote them—while in writing them he lived in the life of thought, and was immersed in the immortal. Whether read or not, his works made life to himself a great activity, a glorious dream, a sublime vision; and though his folios are clad in cobweb, ever and anon some kindred soul will take them down, breathe into them the breath of life, and give them, in transmutation, a new resurrection to humanity. If the writing of them served no better purpose, it kept the author from doing worse; and in putting together even these careless words, I think I have been better employed than if I had been chewing tobacco, smoking cigars, drinking at the bar, or talking with the old local loafers about the degeneracy of morals and the terrible want of practical religion. I have at least got over some vacant hours, and kept my soul from being [illegible]; [illegible] the pure and good and divine—Doctor Watts says and

"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

But with all apologies to the Reverend Doctor Watts, that most ancient of sinners, to whom we have given the respectable name of Nicholas, begins with the idle heart, and not with the idle hand. To cheat the cunning reprobate, I have kept both heart and head busy. I now wait for the whistle of the steam-engine, as all of us, indeed, may listen for the trumpet of our doom.

And so ends this Railroad Meditation.

HENRY GILES.

WHAT I THINK OF SUNRISES.

From my childhood I have always felt the conviction that the beauties of the sunrise and the advantages of early rising, were a species of illusion got up by well-meaning people for the purpose of instilling good habits into the young. I have read most poetic descriptions of the beauties of the sunrise, written, I hope, for the author's taste, by men like the poet Thompson, who probably never saw a sunrise, unless, as it were, "over night," by not going to bed until the morning. I have read the most serious essays on the advantages of early-rising; but I never yet met a man who could truthfully say that he had found a single advantage in it which he could not have secured much more to his comfort, at any other time in the day, had the calls of his business afforded him the time. Nature, it is said, teaches us by the animals to go to bed early, and to rise with the sun. This foolish remark is one of those unfounded calumnies against the animal creation, which nothing but their unfortunate inability to write and print books has prevented their completely refuting. For, to the honor of the animal creation, I am glad to say that a very large and sensible portion of them do not follow the dull and insensate sun, in his obligatory risings and settings, but, governed by such lights of reason as have been granted to them, seek in their own necessities the regulation of their habits.

Moreover, as correct a general definition of man as can be given, is, that he is a "*light-creating animal.*" In fact, a very good measure of the relative civilization of different nations, would be a comparison of their means of illumination—their means of disregarding the rising and setting of the sun. The Bushmen, for instance, are a star-lit people, while our Indians were a fire-lit people. The Peasants in Europe are a tallow-candle-lit-people. We are a spermaceti-burning-fluid-lard-oil-and-gas-lit-people. A gas-jet is the fire that burns now upon the altar of the Muses. It is no shame to literature that she smells of the lamp, for the Genius of the Lamp is the Spirit of Learning. It is much more than a fable which tells of Prometheus bringing fire as his best gift from Heaven to man. It would seem to be an instinctive idea of this truth which leads nearly all animals, and even fishes, to be attracted by a bright fire. With our first feelings of manhood come the fireside musings, the evening meditation, the enthusiasm of study, the charming solitude of the quiet night with books, or the "*lenes sub noctem susurri.*"

There is a great deal of pretended virtue, which is in reality self-indulgence, in this early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise business. And to satisfy yourself in respect to the actual amount of love of nature in those who talk of the beauties of the sunrise, notice if they see the beauties of the sunset. The man who can't sleep on account of an uneasy conscience, seeks to hide the real cause of his early rising under an assumed love of the sunrise. But he whose slumbers are sweet as a child's, waits till the sun has cleared the air of mist and damp, before he walks out into the domain of nature, like the considerate master of the house who waits until the servants have put all in order, before he makes his appearance down stairs. Nor is the poetic view of the sunrise any more founded in fact than the practical advantages of early rising. For the full grown man, who feels the mystery and responsibility of life, and is conscious of his weakness and his strength, there is an attraction in the sight of the round sun leaving this horizon flaming with glory, as he goes from his long day here to light another world. Let the darkness settle on his well-spent day—let the clouds gather as they will—he tinges them with glory as he goes, not to death, but to a new life. The eager day has gone; now comes the quiet evening and the deep still night. The morning, with its hurry, leads to the day with its cares and troubles; the evening, with its calm, leads to the night with its tranquillity and peace. Our life is so constructed that our bodies even help us in this feeling. We see the sunrise before breakfast, and the sunset after dinner.

BACHELOR.

A VALUABLE WORK.

Messrs. Trübner & Company, London, announce as in press, a Bibliographical Guide to American Literature, containing a classified list of Books published in the United States from 1817 to 1857, with a Bibliographical Introduction, Notes, and Alphabetical Index; compiled and Edited by Mr. Nicholas Trübner. The work is of such general importance that we have decided to reprint the Messrs. Trübner's advertisement of it as an item of Literary Intelligence, and at our own charge.

FRENCH ANAGRAM.

Count Montalembert's far-famed but prohibited pamphlet has lately been published in Paris, with the title reversed, thus:

Edni' L Rus Tabéd Nu, par Ed Trebmelatnom.

The trick was so successful that large numbers of the work were sold before the police found it out.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY. No. CV. FEBRUARY 1859. VOL. XVIII.—An admirable number. The stories in it, as usual of late, are mostly American, and would do credit to the best English magazines. The only fault we have to find with them, is that they are published anonymously. A foolish—a more than foolish, an unjust—practice borrowed from England, and quite at war with the American spirit. The best poem in the number,—"*A Woman's Poem*"—known to be from the pen of Mr. Stoddard, we have transferred to our first page, and taken the liberty of appending to it the author's name. The most attractive historical paper, entitled "Washington at Morristown," gives us, among other interesting matter, an unpublished letter of Washington. We have no room this week for a more extended notice, but cannot help repeating our conviction that *Harper's Monthly* is by far the best popular magazine in the world.

Messrs. Rudd & Carleton have just brought out *The Afternoon of Unmarried Life*, a collection of essays of a moral nature, somewhat suggestive of Miss Mulock's *Thoughts About Women*, though hardly as clever as that pleasant little book. *Sylvan Holt's Daughter* (Harper & Brothers), by Holme Lee, will receive a warm welcome from those who have been fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of *Kathie Brande* or any other of Miss Meadow's admirable novels. The Messrs. Harpers have added to their Classical Library, the *Comedies of Terence*, literally translated into English, with notes by H. T. Riley, B.A., to which is added the blank verse translation of George Colman. Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. have published a companion-volume to the *Arabian Nights*, entitled *Arabian Days Entertainments*, translated from the German, by Herbert P. Curtis. It has a crescent on the cover, several very arabesque engravings inside, and presents an Eastern appearance generally. The stories are ingeniously grotesque, and pleasant enough reading, though they are not, like *The Thousand and One Nights*,

"Sweeter than musk and pleasanter than myrrh."

—The promised "Journal of the American Geographical and Statistical Society" would seem to be in progress, judging from the report of subscriptions, made by Mr. Jay, at a recent meeting. The following gentlemen have contributed $50 each:—Adam Norrie, Daniel H. Arnold, George A. Ward, James Brown, F. E. Prime, John D. Jones, Augustus Schell, Royal Phelps, Reuben Withers, David Thompson, James Punnett, John C. Greene, Richard Lathers, Augusto Belmont, William Aymar, George Griswold, William H. Fogg, A. A. Low, John C. Havemeyer, John David Wolfe.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

The Veteran.

What the French call "a solemnity" came off on last Monday evening at Wallack's Theatre. A five-act drama, entitled "The Veteran, or France and Algeria," was performed, and Mr. Lester appeared in the joint character of actor and author. The piece was entirely successful.

The melodrama is the providence of managers. Operas lose, comedies fail, tragedies wither. But the melodrama always comes to the rescue. Bright and picturesque dresses, gorgeous scenery. A hero in continual peril rescued continually by a continual maiden. Immense situation in which brave individuals have immovable pistols levelled at their heads for five minutes. Tremendous tableaux in which avalanche falls, or ice breaks up, or fort is stormed and taken by a gallant regiment of fifty supers (obtained at an enormous expense), or palaces are blown to bits by beneficent bombshells, and everything terminates in red fire and happiness. This is sure to take. I confess to a liking for that sort of thing myself. It is unnatural, I know, but still it is exciting. The rapidity of action usual to such pieces is invigorating, and the eye is charmed by a succession of pretty pictures. Mr. Lester's drama, however, is not to be looked on in the light of a deliverer. Wallack's Theatre has, for the last month, been quietly but practically contradicting all our theories. Playing Shakespeare for six weeks to full houses!

But to return to the solemnity.

The house was crowded. Critics bristled all over the orchestra stalls. Lorgnon was there clad in awful spectacles. Those spectacles that strike terror into hearts of actor and author. Those spectacles that, on certain occasions, gleam with the fires of editorial indignation, and glare upon wretched comedian playing, and palpitating author in private box. Frappay was there also. Frappay who is, after a fashion, a new incarnation of Budh—The Stagnant Calm, as Doctor Palmer calls him; Frappay immovable, frigid, cynical, tired to death of everything, wishing to Heaven that somebody would do something new, looking upon all stages, except the French, as dreary failures, worshipping Bressault and Rose Cheri, and sighing ceaselessly for the Gymnase; such is Frappay in the theatre, withering like a frail exotic in some inclement clime. Grimaldi—the facetious critic—also loomed in the orchestral chairs. I beheld him revolving in his mind the literary summersaults he was going to turn in his paper on the ensuing morning,—in fact, laying out the plan for a whole column of flip-flaps. Then there was Chiffonneer, the fertile play-wright, who grazes on the sunny plains of France; and Ballon, who has just gone through the ordeal of having his play damned, and who is not half so important as he was six weeks ago; and little Tom Pouce, who is always melancholy when a new piece is about to be produced, he being in the dramatic line himself, and never getting over his third night; and Fizzle, the man who takes theatres without any capital in hand, and is immensely astonished that he don't succeed.—All these, with many more, were scattered round the house, together with a large complement of litterateurs, Bohemians, dandies, pretty women, and dead-heads.

"The Veteran" is in five acts and six tableaux. It is, in some respects, the most remarkable piece I have ever seen put upon the stage. It opens with two acts of pure comedy, written with a brilliancy and *verve* that astonished those persons who were not aware that, in epigrammatic turns of wit, Mr. Lester can hold his own against most professional writers. There is a plot distinctly mapped out in those two first acts. But the plot advances no further, and the three succeeding acts are spectacular melodrama. The result is a certain impression of incongruity, and it may be disappointment. The extreme vivacity and cleverness displayed in the two first acts prepares the audience for further intellectual satisfaction. They do not get it. The remainder of the piece is mainly romantic and sentimental, and Mr. Lester's forte is not romantic or sentimental writing. The scene is laid in France and in Algeria. The characters are as follows:—

FRENCH.

Colonel Delmar, of the French Infantry		Mr. Wallack.
Leon Delmar, his son		Mr. Lester Wallack.
Eugene D'Orville, Lieutenant		Mr. Wheatleigh.
Captain Belmont	of the Zouaves.	Mr. Levere.
Lieutenant Lorille		Mr. Tree.
Lieutenant Mortier		Mr. Lascelles.
Sergeant Sampan		Mr. Bernard.
Sergeant Beaucour		Mr. Hodges.
Blanche D'Ivry, niece to the Colonel		Miss Mary Gannon.
Mrs. McShake, an English lady, a relative of the Colonel's		Mrs. Vernon.
Katy, the Vivandiere		Miss Tree.

ARABS.

The Emir Mohammed	Mr. Dyott.
Amineh, his sister	Mrs. Hoey.

MYRANS.

The Sultan of Myra	Mr. Bangs.
Oflan Agan, his Grand Vizier	Mr. Brougham

(With the song of "Ould Ireland, you're my Darling," composed for him by Clement White.)

Ogow, Chief of the Guard	Mr. Chippendale.
Hassan Noureddin, dealer in figs	Mr. Young.
Mostapha Moulvad	Mr. Jeffries.
Osman	Mr. Oliver.
Seyd	Mrs. C. Parsloe.
Gulnare, chief Sultana	Mrs. Sloan.
Zaida, her attendant	Miss Orton.
Aura (leader of the Almehs)	Miss E. Henrade.

The oriental portion of the play is its weakest point. Mr. Lester has not caught that luxuriance of language which distinguishes the Easterns in conversation. There is no attempt at characterisation in his oriental people. They all talk alike. Not so with his Europeans.—Mrs. McShake, Colonel Delmar, and Oflan Agan, otherwise Mr. O'Flanagan, are all very marked types, although the part of Colonel Delmar is hardly strong enough for an artist of Mr. Wallack's power.

The plot is very slight, and comes to an untimely end in the second act. The remaining three are composed of some exceedingly comic episodes, some rather dreary love passages, very beautiful scenery and costumes, and some of the finest tableaux I have ever seen upon the stage.

The play does not invite criticism. It fulfils its duty of keeping people interested and amused for three or four hours. Mr. Lester has shown, in the opening scenes, that had he chosen to attempt a higher walk in the drama, he would have made a success. If he has sacrificed his literary ambition to popular taste, I have no possible right to quarrel with him about it. He has produced a very amusing piece, and placed it on the stage with miraculous accuracy of detail, and splendor of accessories, and for that let us be thankful.

Mr. Wallack's performance of Colonel Delmar was dashing, vigorous, and exceeding natural in certain passages. But the part is not up to a man of his calibre. It is a second-rate part, nor could all the artist's rare ability elevate it to the first rank. Mr. Lester was bright and elastic in the role of Leon. He was superbly costumed; and a Circassian dress in which he appeared in the fourth act (a rapid change, by the way, for so elaborate a costume,) fairly took the house by storm. I have never seen so splendid an apparition on the stage. The character sustained was that of a Circassian mute, and Mr. Lester gave the necessary pantomime with a poetic grace of motion. Mrs. Vernon was as admirable as usual. Mr. Brougham—in a most quizzical Eastern make-up—rollicked through his part with the unfailing vivacity which always distinguishes him. Mrs. Hoey entirely misunderstood the spirit of the part she sustained—as did also Mr. Dyott. Both had frequent occasions to speak of themselves as the children of the Desert, but there was no nomadic flavor about either to justify the assertion. The Arab is not sententious. He is not stately or deliberate. He is, in short, not Turkish in his manners. He is quick and shrill of speech—energetic in motion: full of wild, flashing gesticulation. Mrs. Hoey and Mr. Dyott were sententious, elocutionary, and artificial.

There is a tableau—the fifth, I think—in this piece of the Veteran which is really superb. French officers are about to be slaughtered by the Sultan of Myra, who has entrapped them. The scene is a grand hall of audience, charmingly decorated. At the crisis the regiment to [illegible] the officers [illegible]—attack and shell the palace, one side of the grand hall falls in, and the breach is filled with a huge, eager, shouting mass of picturesque soldiery, grouped with a skill that makes one of the best scenic pictures I have ever seen.

"The Veteran" was received with great applause. Mr. Wallack, *père*, and Mr. Wallack, *fils*, were called before the curtain, when the latter gentleman acknowledged the compliment. It will run for a considerable period. And that is all.

No! Not all. I was near omitting a most essential feature in the play. When Mr. Lester first appeared a thrill ran through the house. Every bonnet shivered with emotion. The heart of every female in that house palpitated beneath its corset. Mr. Lester had shaved off his whiskers! Those glossy glories were gone, and he who had for years been the type of the hero of romance, now actually appeared smooth and innocent-looking as a school boy. He looked so much better, however, that I seriously recommend him to leave the appendages off. The first shock over, the public eye will get accustomed to the change, and in the end relish it.

FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

Literary Notes.

— The publishers are just now giving us their best books. They have wisely reserved them until after the holidays, during which time gold-leaf and morocco are always in the ascendant. Everybody buys "gift books," but nobody, except in a few insane instances, ever reads them. Gift books are not made to read. We are almost convinced that they are not made even to be looked at, they are so tawdrily gilded and so flimsily bound. They are neither useful nor ornamental. The reign of these gorgeous nothings is naturally brief and inglorious. It lasts about two weeks, and then *The Lady's Heart Throb*, elegantly illustrated with fashion-plates, and *Flora's Offering*, with colored drawings of impossible flowers, are defunct. We decline saying what retribution such books deserve after death.

We turn with a keen sense of relief from the remembrance of these german-silver publications to the sensible volumes which have been laid on our table during the past week. First among them, bearing the imprint of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, is a charming and long expected work, by the author of *Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby*, a book which has made the writer so many friends, that *The Scouring of the White Horse, or the Long Vacation of a London Clerk*, needs no introduction to the American reader. It is a hearty, delightful book, full of sense and sentiment, with a vigorous out-door air to it. We would remark, *en passant*, that the story, which is a very slight one, has nothing whatever to do with Mr. Rarey's System of horse-taming, or, in fact, with flesh-and-bone horses at all. The white horse is of the earth earthy, having been carved (according to tradition) on a certain hill in the County of Berks, a thousand years ago, by the order of Alfred the Great, in commemoration of his signal and bloody victory over the Danes at that place. The scouring and keeping bright of this relic is, of course, a festival confined to Berkshire; but so delightful an account of it, as the London clerk has given us, has a claim on the interest of everybody. Richard Doyle, once the light and life of *Punch*, has enriched the narrative with some very droll and spirited sketches. In *Arago's Biographies* (issued by the same house) the reader will find a series of valuable papers on Laplace, Herschel, Fourier, and other representative men, translated from the French of François Arago, by three eminent English *savans*, Admiral Smith, Baden Powell, and Robert Grant. The book is an addition to the better class of biographical literature. The latest poetry we have seen from the Poet's Corner is *Poems by Frances Anne Kemble*. Many of the sonnets in this volume display a high and original genius, but the poems generally are such as can please neither gods nor men. They are album memoranda, and should not have been printed. We wish that Mrs. Kemble had given us more poems like this:

To ——

One after one, the shield, the sword, the spear,
The panoply that I was wont to bear,
My suit of proof, my wings that kept me free,
These, full of trust, delivered I to thee,
When, through all time, I swore that by thy side
I would henceforward walk: I since have tried,
In hours of sadness, when my former life
Shone on me through thick gathering clouds of strife,
To wield my weapons bright, and wear again
My maiden corslet and free wings—in vain!
My hands have lost their strength and skill, my breast
Beneath my mail, throbs with a wild unrest,
My pinions trail upon the earth—my soul
Quails 'neath the heavy spell of thy control.
All that was living of my life seems fled,
My mortal part alone is not yet dead.
But since my nobler gifts have all been thine,
Trophies, or sacrifices, for thy shrine,
Pierce not the breast that stripped itself for thee
Of the fair means God gave it to be free;
Have yet some pity, and forbear to strike
One without power to strive, or fly alike,
Nor trample on a heart, which now must be
Toward all defenceless—most of all towards thee!

The following sonnet with its Shakesperian felicity of epithet, is the happiest love-poem we have read for a year:

What is my lady like? thou fain wouldst know—
A rosy chaplet of fresh apple bloom,
Bound with blue ribbon, lying on the snow:
What is my lady like? the violet gloom
Of evening, with deep orange light below.
She 's like the noonday smell of a pine wood,
She 's like the sounding of a stormy flood,
She 's like a mountain-top high in the skies,
To which the day its earliest light doth lend;
She 's like a pleasant path without an end;
Like a strange secret, and a sweet surprise;
Like a sharp axe of doom, wreathed with blush-roses,
A casket full of gems whose key one loses;
Like a hard saying, wonderful and wise.

The fantastic images here are deliciously impossible.

— The *Knickerbocker Magazine* for February opens with a paper on the colonial system of Great Britain, the solemness of which article is relieved by a number of spirited poems and several clever essays, the cleverest of which is *The Jardin des Plantes*. We hope the editor of the table-talk department will continue his reminiscences of the Knickerbocker sanctum.

— The following are among the principal French journals suppressed or placed under surveillance by Louis Napoleon, for divers political and personal offences:—*La Corsaire* in 1858; *La Revue de Paris* in 1858; *L'Assemblée Nationale*, twice suspended, and the title subsequently changed to *Spectateur*, under which name it was suppressed in 1858; *La Siècle*, reprimanded three times; *La Gazette de France*, reprimanded three times; *La Presse*, ditto; *La Constitutionel*, reprimanded twice; *La Verité de Lille*; *La Gazette du Languedoc*; *Le Moniteur du Loiret*; *La Progres du Pas de Calais*; suppressed. The latter is the paper in which Louis Napoleon wrote while he was in prison at Ham. Perhaps the most severe case of discipline is that visited upon the *Moniteur General de l'Instruction Primaire*—a journal published by the highly respectable house of Hachette, for country schoolmasters. Having excited the imperial displeasure, a rival was started, which, aided by government subvention, was sold for 5 fr. per year. Of course, the *Gazette des Instituteurs* was a mere court circular, but the *Moniteur General*, after an honorable existence of 28 years, was compelled to suspend January 1, 1858.

—Lemuel Shattuck, a well-known statistician and historical writer, died in Boston last Monday. Mr. Shattuck was born in Ashby, Oct. 15, 1793. The deceased, in 1818, organized at Detroit the first Sabbath school ever opened in the State of Michigan, and was its superintendent four years. Mr. Shattuck has published the following works: "Memorials of the Descendants of William Shattuck; the Progenitor of the families in America that have borne his name." "A History of the town of Concord, Mass., and of the adjoining towns, Bedford, Acton, Lincoln, and Carlisle." "A complete system of Family Registration." "The Domestic Bookkeeper and Practical Economist." "The Scholar's Daily Journal." His legislative documents are numerous, and relate to the State Library; the Registration of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, the State Census, "A Sanitary Survey of the State," etc.

— Alphonse Karr, who resides in Paris, has met with considerable financial success in his new series of *Guêpes*, and is at present deriving the immense annual profit of forty thousand francs from his weekly issue.

— The *Transcript* is authorized to state that Dr. Holmes is not the writer of "A True History of Plymouth Colony" in the New York *Ledger*. It is an unnecessary correction, inasmuch as no one reading the article would for a moment attribute it to the author of the "Autocrat."

— The first volume of Motley's *History of the Revolution in the Netherlands in the Sixteenth Century*, has been translated into French, and published at Brussels, with a long and remarkable introduction by M. Guizot.

— The trustees of Columbia College are about publishing a biographical catalogue of all the graduates of that institution from the year 1758 to the present time. The work is being prepared by the Alumni Association, under the supervision of Mr. A. S. Van Duzer of this city.

— The Shah of Persia has given M. Houry an order to translate into Persian the works of the Emperor Napoleon III.

Contents of Magazines.

Atlantic Monthly for February.—Ought Women to learn the Alphabet?; The Morning Street; In a Cellar; Hamlet at the Boston; El Llanero; Bulls and Bears; "The New Life" of Dante; The Philter; Did I?; The Minister's Wooing; The Palm and the Pine; The Professor at the Breakfast Table; White's Shakespeare; List of Books.

Harper's Magazine for February.—Washington at Morristown, illustrated, by Rev. Joseph F. Tuttle; Ethan Allen and his Daughter; Follies of Fashion; La Plata; A Woman's Poem; Paying the Piper; Found Floating on the Water; A Christmas in Hamburg; Hints on Self-Culture; Hester Grahame: One Woman's Life; Bird Ministry; The Virginians, by W. M. Thackeray. Chapters LVII., LVIII., LIX., and LX.; Monthly Record of Current Events; Literary Notices; Editor's Table; Editor's Easy Chair; Editor's Drawer; Noodle's Attempts at Suicide; Fashions for February.

Knickerbocker for February.—Colonial System of Great Britain; The Withered Leaf; The Jardin des Plantes; Thy Little Hand; A Grain of Wheat from a Bushel of Chaff; Wolfe; "Edward Everett writes for Bonner"; A Quiet Picture; The Great Battle of Gabriel; Mountain Tops; Potosiana; The Hero; Moslem Traditions; Mary in Autumn; Literary Notices; Editor's Table.

The Great Republic for February.—Caius Julius Cæsar; Crystalline, the Created: a Poem; The History of the Great Republic; The Emerald Isle; The Reapers: Poetry; Negro Minstrelsy: "Way down in Old Virginny; Valentine Day; The Street Musicians of New York; William Caxton; Life and Travel in the Southern States; Old St. Paul's in New York: a Poem, with illustrations; Niagara: Poetry; College Life in America; Pear-talk: Poetry; Samuel Hahnemann, the Founder of Homeopathy; Desert Land: Poetry; Morgiana Lane: a Story of the Sea; Seven Years in ye Western Land; New York Cosmopolitan; Editorial Department; The Literary World; Chronicles of the Day; The Omnibus; The Metropolis; Fashions for February; The Minstrel; Lover's Serenade; Comic Hits at the Times.

Methodist Quarterly Review for January.—Infant Baptism and Church Membership; Brazil and the Brazilians; Bryant's Poems; Thos. Jefferson; The Moravians; Stevens' History of Methodism; Thomas Walsh; Exposition of the Second Psalm; Religious Intelligence; Synopsis of the Quarterlies; Quarterly Book Table.

Universalist Quarterly for January.—Enthusiasm: its Nature and Conditions; Truth as a Dogma and as a Principle; Our Helps and Hindrances; Mohammedanism and its Founder; The Aggressive Spirit of Christianity; Divine Sovereignty; Clapp's Theological Views.

The Mathematical Monthly for January Prize.—Problems for Students; Magic Square for the Year 1859; Notes on the Theory of Probabilities; A Simplification in Computing Earthworks, etc.

Colburn's New Monthly for January.—The Empire of Japan; Assize Sunday, by the author of Ashley; The Aurea Carmina; Thomas Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, by Sir Nathaniel; Tales of an Old Sportsman; My Friend Pickles, and some Social Grievances of which he desires to complain, by Alexander Andrews; A Frost Song, by W. Charles Kent; Getting Married, by Edward P. Rowsell; Marcellus and Chateaubriand; The Dreamer of Gloucester; The Spectre's Visit, by Mrs. Bushby; The Painter's Daughter.

Blackwood's Magazine for January.—What will he do with It? by Pisistratus Caxton. Part the Last. Burmah and the Burmese; A Cruise in Japanese Waters; Part II.—How to Boil Peas; An Angling Saunter in Sutherland; The Field of Towton Moor; Popular Literature; The Periodical Press; The Royal Proclamation to India.

Colburn's United Service Magazine and Naval and Military Journal for January.—The Annexation of India; Practical Regimental Officers; Force for Outpost Duty; On the Formation of the Anglo-Indian Armies; Calver's Wave Screen; The Royal Artillery and the Boxer Shell; Our Screw Steam Navy; On the Necessity of Contracting the British Empire; Life on Board a Pattemar; Probable French Expedition to Madagascar; Reminiscences of a Veteran; The Land of the Japanese; Present Aspect of the Purchase Controversy; Narrative of the Late Operations in China, by an Officer of the Expedition; The Azimghur Field Force; On the Well-being of the Navy; Reörganization of the Indian Army, in connection with the Commission, Gazettes, Promotions; and all the Naval and Military Intelligence of the month.

Dublin University Magazine for January.—Dr. Arnold; Carlyle's Frederick the Great; Gerald Fitzgerald, "The Chevalier," by Charles Lever. Part XIII.; The Great Duke at the Sculptor's; A British Straw upon an Indian Stream; Periwigs and Petticoats, by T. Irwin; Wilhelm Tell, by Professor de Vericour; Things New and Old; The Lilliput of the Corniche; Our Foreign Courier. No. VII.; M. de Montalembert on the Indian Debate.

The London Review for January.—Early Christian Monarchism; Scotch University Reform; Memoirs of St. Simon; Comparative Literary Rank of Nations; The Ministry of Life; Arithmetic, Ancient and Modern; Literary Skepticism; Thorndale, by W. Smith; Illustrated Books; The Aquarian Naturalist; Figi; Brief Literary Notices.

National Review for January.—Crabbe; The Autobiography of Catherine II.; The Results of Short Imprisonments; Virgil and his Modern Critics; Count Miot de Melito and the French Revolution; False Morality of Lady Novelists; The Religion of the Working Classes; Longfellow; Mansel's Limits of Religious Thought; Parliamentary Reform; Books of the Quarter.

Bentley's Miscellany for January.—A Glance at the Situation; The Combat of the Thirty, by W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq.; The Ghost of St. Peter's; D'urfé; A Legend of Sainte Barbe; The Postern-Door; The Wits of Paris; From Sydney to England via Panama; Up among the Pandies; Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady, by Dudley Costello.

The British Quarterly Review for January.—Physical and Moral Heritage; Dalmatia; Religious Systems, Ancient and Modern; Bolingbroke; Serf Emancipation in Russia; Masson's Life of Milton; France and England; Carlyle's Frederick the Second; Our Epilogue on Affairs and Books.

Fraser's Magazine for January.—Holmby House: A Tale of Old Northamptonshire, by G. J. Whyte Melville, author of "Digby Grand," "The Interpreter," &c. To be completed in Twelve Parts. Part I.; Concerning the Art of Putting Things: being Thoughts on Representation and Misrepresentation; Schloss-Eishausen: a Mystery. In Three Parts. Part I.; Mr. Gladstone on Homer and the Homeric Age, by the Rev. Barham Zincke. In Two Parts. Part I.; Dramatic Treasure-Trove; Mushrooms; Life by the Blue-haired Sea; Furniture Books; The Knight's Leap at Altenahr; Hints for Vagabonds, by one of themselves.—The Low Countries; Antecedents of the Reformation; How Queen Victoria was Proclaimed at Peshawar.

Westminster Review for January.—Reform of Parliament; The Religious Policy of Austria; The Sanitary Condition of the Navy; Chloroform and other Anæsthetics; Spiritual Destitution in England; Carlyle's History of Friedrich the Second; Recent Cases of Witchcraft; Contemporary Literature.

The North British Review for January.—The Present State of France; Translations from Transcrit; German Church Historians; Oxford; Aristotelianism; Aquatic Zoology, by Sir J. G. Dalzell; Decimal Coinage; Novels by authoress of "John Halifax"; Decay of Modern Satire; The Atlantic Telegraph; Recent Publications.

Books Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

Arabian Days Entertainments. Translated from the German by Herbert Pelham Curtis. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 8vo., pp. 434.

Pope or President? Startling Disclosures of Romanism, as Revealed by its own Writers. Facts for Americans. New York: R. L. Delisser. 8vo., pp. 360.

The Comedies of Terence. Literally translated into English Prose, with Notes. By Henry Thomas Riley, B.A., late Scholar of Clare Hall, Cambridge. To which is added the Blank Verse translation of George Colman. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo., pp. 609.

Sylvan Holt's Daughter. By Holme Lee, author of "Kathie Brande," "Gilbert Massenger," "Thorney Hall," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo., pp. 472.

Poems. By Frances Anne Kemble. Boston: Ticknor & Field. 8vo., pp. 312.

An Index to Periodical Literature. By Wm. Fred. Poole, Librarian of the Boston Athenæum. New York: Charles B. Norton. 4to., pp. 521.

Art Items.

Art Treasures.

Probably the best collection of portraits in this State is to be found in the Governor's Room of the New York City Hall. This gallery possesses specimens of the best American artists for the last fifty years. Before this period there was scarcely anything painted possessing artistic merit. Though the idea of building up a gallery was conceived after the best days of Stewart and Alston, still the great names of Sully, Morse, Inman, Page, Elliott, Jarvis, Trumbull, and others of eminence, are amply represented. From time to time the city has been presented with portraits and pictures by individuals and governments, and these are included in the collection. If the policy of employing the best artists to paint three or four pictures a year is persisted in, a very valuable historical gallery will be the result.

The gallery commenced with a portrait of Columbus, presented to the city by the Grand Duke of Tuscany some thirty-five years ago. It is an old dilapidated portrait, sombre and rich enough in tone to delight the most fastidious lover of the antique, and negative enough in character to pass for Columbus or any other man. At the time of its presentation, which was made with appropriate deference to the olden time and the illustrious name of the great discoverer, in presence of mayors, governors, and invited guests; it was considered authentic, and valued accordingly, but latterly its claims have been neglected, and it has been hung by some ignorant keeper high above the heads of forgotten mayors and city constables. It is, nevertheless, worthy the study of the art student and the antiquary. Near it used to be hung (not now, for since the fire everything in the room has been in confusion,) a sallow, peaked, long nosed, and intolerably ugly head, stiffly supported in quaint regimentals, which passed in the catalogue, and in the memory of old men, as a portrait of General Bolivar, the South American hero. The picture was presented to the city at the time when the General and his cause were uppermost in the minds of the American people. It was afterwards reported that the city had been cheated in its purchase, as it was the likeness of some other man. It is a poor painting.

There is a portrait here, such a picture as might have been painted in Colonial times, which professes to be a likeness of Governor Stuyvesant. Its authentication seems to be lost, though it is believed to be genuine. The costume is that worn in Stuyvesant's time.

A fine old picture, painted by a master, purporting to be a portrait of Hendrick Hudson, hangs high up among the neglected and distrusted. All these old pictures have received a severe shock from the late fire, and if not soon cared for, will, as generally happens after some smoking and heat, flake to pieces.

A large number of the portraits in this collection are full-lengths. Several of them rank as the best pictures of their class that have been painted by Americans. That of Commodore Decatur, by Sully, is an exceedingly happy composition, and is a fine example of color and drawing.

The excellences of Jarvis are here very apparent in numerous full-length portraits. The city employed him to paint the Commodores, retaining the originals of Bainbridge, Perry, and Swift, and presenting duplicates to other cities.

Elliott, who is, it would seem, the city painter, has here the heads of some ten people, including Governors Hunt and Seymour, and Mayors Varick, Livingston, Clinton, and Wood.

Trumbull has portraits of Presidents Monroe and Taylor, and Governors Clinton, Collins, Lewis, and others. They would hardly rank as first rate portraits in a modern exhibition of the National Academy.

Inman's pictures of Van Buren and Seward hang in this collection. The Seward is esteemed one of his best pictures. By no means the best portrait here, claims in the catalogue to be the joint effort of Inman and Huntington.

A full-length portrait of Governor Marcy, by Wm. Page, is, to our mind, the gem of the collection. Unfortunately, from some cause, the flesh tints have changed a little, but they are still eminently true and beautiful, while the modeling of the features, and the look of life, and resemblance about them, are marvelous. There is a manly force and a vigor about the picture that stamps it as the work of a master.

Morse, now best known as the telegraph inventor, has here a head of Gen. Lafayette, which, though well painted, makes of the patriot a very ugly man.

There is hardly, amongst the 14 governors, 34 mayors, and numerous other pictures in the collection, a single one that is not interesting and valuable as a work of art. They can be seen at any time by application to the keeper of the City Hall.

In the Aldermen's Chamber there is Trumbull's full-length portrait of Gen. Washington, together with portraits of Alexander Hamilton, Gov. Clinton, and John Jay. In the Councilmen's Chamber there is Vanderlyn's Gen. Jackson, and Com. Hull and Henry Clay by Jarvis. Besides these, there are busts of Chief Justice Marshall, by Fraser, and Clevenger's great bust of Chancellor Kent.

— Mr. Durand has just finished a large landscape for Mr. R. L. Stuart, of this city. It is a wood scene, with a distant view of mountains. The trees, the blue mountains, and the brook that winds amongst the rocks in the foreground, are rendered with the poetic feeling that characterizes all the works of this artist.

— Mr. Gignoux has in his room, in the Tenth street studio building, a moonlight view of Niagara Falls, painted for Mr. Belmont. The moon, struggling through the driving clouds, is seen sharply rippling upon the rapids, and casting into broad shadow the masses of falling water, relieved here and there by flashes of spray, which serve to rescue from gloom the grander outlines of form. The Falls under ordinary circumstances are not picturesque, but Mr. Gignoux, with the resources of his art, has contrived to invest them with great pictorial beauty. The large size of the canvas, which is four feet by eight, better enables the painter to give some idea of the magnitude of the scene.

— A large painting, by T. Buchanan Read, called the "Spirit Bride," is on exhibition at the shop of Williams & Stevens, Broadway. It represents three finely drawn mortals rather hurriedly slipping down a green waterfall. The Bride is fleshy and natural enough, but the waterfall is undoubtedly supernatural. The picture is effective, and handled with skill and poetic feeling.

— There are also, at the same place, two pictures by Mrs Lilly Martin Spencer. One—a very charming composition—represents a fond mother exercising her child in "Patty-cake Baker's-man." The child's face is beautiful, and is painted with a strength of drawing, expression, and color, that places its author in the first rank of figure painters in this country. That rarest of merits, expression in face-drawing, is possessed by Mrs. Spencer in an eminent degree. There has been a marked improvement in the works of this artist, lately.

— Mr. Aspinwall's fine collection of pictures was thrown open to a large number of invited guests, on Monday last. His pictures (which we shall notice at more length some other time,) are mostly old. He possesses an undoubted Vandyke. His modern pictures include some good specimens of the Belgian school.

— We are requested to state that Miss Freeman, the artist, who (see advertisement) is to give the second of her series of Readings next Saturday, has no idea of giving up her regular profession, but, on the contrary, is more actively engaged in it than ever, and has just taken a new and elegant studio at No. 726 Broadway, where may be seen several highly finished specimens of her art. By the way, we may as well insert here a hitherto unpublished Poem, addressed to Miss Freeman (herself a Post), some years ago, by her friend, the late John Howard Payne, and for a copy of which, with liberty to print, we are indebted to an intimate friend of the parties:

To Miss Anna Mary Freeman, on her birthday.

[A LAME APOLOGY FOR THE WANT OF A BOUQUET.]

Forever dear and gifted one,
Whose life a new year has begun,
I have not power to send thee, sweet,
Off'ring for such occasion meet.
I have not need in words to tell
My feelings now—you know them well—
But I have prayers that every year
May see a blemish disappear,
And beautifully fix the grace
Of some new virtue in its place,
Till angels welcome you at last,
Pure with the teachings of the past!
If God this boon bestow,
Unwarp'd by worldly weal or woe,
Let trials dark or bright befall,
Tow'ring, Heaven-balanc'd, o'er them all,
Each birthday which may then succeed,
Will prove a festival indeed
To you, for victories obtained,—
To us, that Providence has deign'd
Still to continue to us here
The gifted one, forever dear!

John Howard Payne.

Sunday morning, June 10, 1849.

— The first Reception of the artists of the Tenth street studios took place on Tuesday evening last. It was attended by a large crowd of people, the larger number of whom were ladies. Besides the principal gallery, which was hung with pictures painted exclusively by the artists of the studio building, several of the studios themselves were thrown open, and the guests courteously received by their occupants. Visiting these studios constituted a very pleasant feature of the entertainment, and gave those desirous of seeing pictures their only chance, for the gallery was so crowded as to completely hide its contents from view.

In the rooms of Gifford, Hubbard, Nichols, and Boughton, the landscapists, and Philip Jackson, the sculptor, the guests found ample [illegible] in the sketches and works of art which they contained. Mr. Suydam's room proved particularly interesting, for besides his own sketches, he possesses many very fine pictures of the modern French school. His own landscape, a crimson twilight, was a favorite in the gallery.

The gallery was so crowded as to preclude the possibility of seeing the pictures to advantage. We had the good fortune to see a very poetical view of Windsor Castle, with a rainbow effect, by Gifford. Mrs. McEntee had several pleasing landscapes; Mr. Hodgkins one or two; Hubbard one; Hart several; Gignoux one, particularly good; and many others, which we care not to enumerate. Altogether the evening passed off pleasantly, and we predict great usefulness to both the artists and the public, as the consequence of this and those which are to follow.

A MUSICAL CONSERVATORY IN NEW YORK.

Letter from Mr. Robert Goldbeck.

To the Editors of The Saturday Press:

Being about to open classes for instruction in piano-forte playing (conducted somewhat on the plan of the *Conservatoires de Musique* in Europe), and having frequently heard expressions of doubt as to the practicability of such a method of teaching, I would ask of you the hospitality of your paper, through which to answer the many inquiries and remove the doubts of those whom I can reach in no other way, and who, their doubts once removed, and the many advantages of the said class-teaching once pointed out to them, would perhaps, desire to avail themselves of this system in order to ensure a more thorough musical education. The system now in vogue, of teaching single pupils, involves so much expense that the great majority of young ladies and gentlemen have either to renounce an "artistic" cultivation of their taste for music, or to submit to the solitary drudgery of a system which excludes almost entirely the most important branch of musical education, that of *ensemble* or concerted music. May I be allowed, then, to explain to the doubtful and uninitiated how I am going to teach my class of, say ten or twelve pupils? First of all be it mentioned, that the classes will be divided into different and graduated degrees of proficiency, each class comprising in its limits certain general exercises, studies, pieces for two, four or more hands, and concerted pieces, such as duos for piano and violin or two pianos, trios, quartettes, etc.

At the commencement of the lesson, the teacher would play to his class the exercise scale, diatonic or chromatic, broken chord, shake, etc., to be learned for the next lesson, taking care to explain its nature, its practical bearing and utility. The most proficient pupil would then repeat the exercise, which, should its length allow, or its difficulty require it, would be repeated by all the pupils present, so that their subsequent practice of it at home, may be entered upon with that earnestness which the spirit of emulation alone can inspire. Having gone through the exercise, a study—one of Bertini's, Clementi's, Cramer's, or in the highest class of Doehler's or even Chopin's or Liszt's—will be taken up and explained in a similar manner; then a piece, and often a duo for four hands, two pianos, piano and violin, etc., which latter concerted pieces would be studied in view of a concert, offered at the end of every quarter to the parents and friends of the pupils, who will then have the best opportunity to judge of the progress of the scholars, while the latter will be enabled to exercise their powers, and, above all, to acquire that confidence which is so necessary to a creditable performance before others. At these concerts, the most proficient pupils of the highest class, assisted by eminent artists, will perform the most important parts; to those of the second class will be assigned the less difficult parts, while the pupils of the last class will be called upon to accompany any vocal performer engaged for the occasion. The cultivation of music will thus have a more direct and immediate aim, and contribute to a more general and much heartier enjoyment of the art which exercises so harmonizing and refining an influence on society.

Respectfully yours,

Robert Goldbeck.

New York, January 1859.

CHESS.

Replies and Remarks.

— The desired reply has been sent to C. E. R., of Boston. Let him try again, remembering that "the little sweet" which the correct solution brings "doth kill much bitterness" of previous labor.

— The last epistle from Theresa, of all things, betrays the breeches. *His* are not the plaints of injured female modesty. The manuscript shall be sent to any address which he may indicate. Once more, we distinctly state, that we will take no part in unsexing male problem-composers, and will give no aid or comfort to similar attempts to deceive the public.

— *An ardent chessplayer*, of Hudson, will find what he wants by addressing Mr. T. Frère, Box 3495, New York. The Morphy chessmen, manufactured by this gentleman, combine a classic shape with the serviceable qualities of strength and weight. They are of iron, finely polished, and carefully lined. If we remember rightly, the club size costs five dollars, and the parlor size one dollar less.

— The *Appletons* advertise Kenny's *Manual of Chess*, a reprint of the only English edition of this work, which appeared in London as far back as 1846. No hint of this fact however, can be gathered from the publishers' advertisement. The same house also announces another impression of Agnel's *Book of Chess*. This book was originally issued in 1847, under the title of *Chess for Winter Evenings*. A few years back it was reprinted from the old stereotype plates under a new title, without the consent of the author. We protest against these attempts to take advantage of the present public interest in the game, by foisting such antiquated works upon the chess community. Chess analysis has advanced with such rapid strides, during the last ten or twelve years, as to render these treatises (never the best ones) comparatively useless, and for some openings worse than useless. Surely a wealthy firm, like the one in question, might afford to give us something of real value, as, for instance, an English version of Von der Lasa's *Leitfaden* (Berlin, 1857), or of the third edition of the great German *Handbuch* (Berlin, 1858). But, unfortunately, reprints of out-of-date treatises or plagiarisms of English books are less costly than good translations or original works.

— As the winged messenger of the gods in ancient times was accustomed occasionally to descend to the realms of Pluto, so the modern *Mercury*, of Charleston, seems to maintain a certain intercourse with the father of—mistakes. That journal states, in a paragraph which we copied a week or two back, that two New York players—"composers of the various chess editors of that city"—had visited Charleston and been beaten by some vain tyro. To our certain knowledge, no member of the New York Club has lately been in the commercial metropolis of the Palmetto State, to whom the chess-editor of any respectable sheet in New York could not give, with great ease, the odds of a Rook.

— Mr. Morphy will probably publish, immediately upon his return to America, a volume containing some two hundred of his best games, amply annotated by himself.

— The passage to which *H.* probably refers, is to be found in an old morality on chess, written, it is supposed, by an English monk named Innocent, in the fourteenth century. It runs thus, "In this chess-game (of life) the Devil says 'check,' whenever he insults and strikes any one with his dart of sin; and if he that is thus struck cannot immediately deliver himself, the Devil, resuming the move, says to him, 'mate,' carrying his soul along with him to prison, from which neither love nor money can deliver him, for from hell there is no redemption."

— If the author of the curious alliterative attempt, commencing

"Anderssen against America attempts all attacks,"

and closing with

"Morphy, manfully maneuvering, mighty master mates,"

will finish the alphabet in the same style, we may be tempted to publish it. But the muses halt sadly sometimes.

—D. A., of Newark, will find the office of the *Chess Monthly* at 30 Nassau street. The Morphy-Anderssen games, carefully and fully illustrated, will immediately appear in its pages.

— Shall we believe *Wiedemann*, when he asserts that Europeans have lately found that there was more philosophy in our ancient [illegible] than they dreamed of? Shall we credit him when he maintains that the morality among transatlantic players must have been very great, since he knows by the papers that they are all under the *pall*? Shall we [illegible] the statement, that every young lady in the [illegible] as to desire to see Paul Morphy [illegible] that there is no truth in [illegible] that the daily programme of our chess-[illegible] was as follows: "At the opening of the [illegible], the *King of Chessmen*, called on the *Queen*, [illegible] himself up in a *Castle*, and at *Knight* went for a [illegible], to whom he offered to *Pawn* all the game on his [illegible]."

— The *Evening Bulletin* of Philadelphia, most unfortunately [illegible] of our "style of criticism." An exceedingly [illegible] paragraph, in a late number of that journal, informs us that it is "rude," but the writer kindly hesitates to style it [illegible]." For his forbearance in this respect we are [illegible] grateful, but it would afford him any gratification, [illegible] of him not to refrain from using the latter epithet. [illegible] his threat to put an abrupt termination to "all [illegible] of courtesies" between the Saturday Press and the *Evening Bulletin*, does not greatly alarm us. The [illegible] exchange comes from Philadelphia, not from New York. For it is our invariable custom, if we stand in need of a [illegible] newspaper, to subscribe for it, but, at the same time we are always glad to exchange with our editorial [illegible] when they desire it. We would finally suggest that the "[illegible] of criticism," which seems especially agreeable to the [illegible], is that which fiercely attacks a book before it is [illegible], and which bases its opinion of a work upon that very [illegible] thing—a publisher's advertisement.

— The last games of the Morphy-Anderssen match were mostly [illegible] irregular openings. One of them was only some fifteen moves in length. Anderssen won the tenth, and Morphy closed the match by scoring the eleventh.

— [illegible] temper is well known, but if Snipes persists in urging us to publish his communication, we shall soon become as wrathy as—the *Evening Bulletin*. Unlike that newspaper, we are generally able to take a jocular remark, even if it be a little spicy, in the same spirit in which it is uttered; but the importunity of Snipes is getting to be really [illegible] serious.

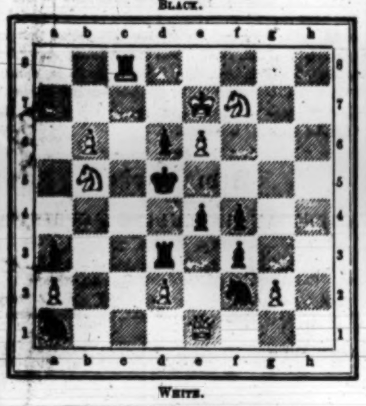
— We regret to notice the demise of the *American Union* chess column. It was conducted in a most excellent manner by Mr. J. A. Potter, of Salem, and in vigor of style and general ability, was far above the average of other parts of that journal.

— Letters received from W. H. K. and G. W. S., of Boston, E. A. B., of Richmond, Snipes, of Brooklyn, F. A. A. of New York, and D. S., of Newark.

PROBLEM NO. 13.

By Mr. Samuel Loyd, of New York.

Black.



White.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN THE LAND OF THE DUTCH.

The last *Sissa* (December) is filled with specimens of Dutch chess talent. The *Giuoco Piano*, which we give below, was contested during the late National Congress at Nijmegen, although not one of the Tournament games. It was played at the house of General Hulst, a prominent patron of the game. The combatants are two of the foremost Dutch masters:

	Messemaker.	Spoelstra.
1.	e2—e4	e7—e5
2.	Kt g1—f3	Kt b8—c6
3.	B f1—c4	B f8—c5
4.	[illegible]	Kt g8—f6
5.	[illegible]	e5—d4:
6.	[illegible]	B c5—b4
7.	[illegible]	[illegible]
8.	[illegible]	[illegible]
9.	[illegible]	[illegible]
10.	[illegible]	[illegible]
11.	h2—h3	f7—f6
12.	B [illegible]	[illegible]:
13.	Kt f3—e5:	Kt c6—f6
14.	B a1—c1	Kt a4—c6
15.	Kt c6—f3	Kt c6—b4

We should have preferred at this point Kt c6—e7 for the second player.

16.	B d3—b1	R f8—e8
17.	B e3—g5	c7—c6
18.	R f1—e1	B c8—d7
19.	a2—a3	Kt b4—a6

The second player, by his [illegible] move, has now lost a [illegible].

20.	Kt [illegible]	R e8—f8

White's twentieth move is well played.

21.	Q d1—d3	g7—g6
22.	Kt e5—g6:	h7—g6:

And White mates in three moves. The termination is exceedingly well managed by Mr. Messemaker. We shall lay before our readers, from time to time, further specimens of chess in Holland, where the game has lately received a great impetus, resulting from the holding of a National gathering of amateurs. Mr. Morphy has promised the Club of Amsterdam to visit that city, if possible, before his return home—an event which is likely to still further increase the interest already felt for the royal sport by the countrymen of Zuylen van Nieveld.

LOYD AND STANLEY.

The following is one of two games played at Stanley's Chess Rooms, the other day, between Mr. Samuel Loyd, the eminent problem-composer, and Mr. Charles H. Stanley. Both games were won by Mr. Loyd. The one we give at present is a *French Game*.

	Stanley.	Loyd.
1.	e2—e4	e7—e6
2.	c2—c3	d7—d5
3.	e4—d5:	e6—d5:
4.	d2—d4	B f8—d6
5.	B f1—d3	Kt g8—f6
6.	h2—h3	0—0
7.	Kt g1—f3	R f8—e8
8.	B c1—e3	Kt f6—e4
9.	Kt b1—d2	Kt e4—g3
10.	f2—g3:	R e8—e3:
11.	B d3—e2	B d6—g3:†
12.	K e1—f1	Kt b8—c6
13.	Q d1—c2	Kt c6—e7
14.	h2—h4	Kt e7—f5
15.	R h1—h3	R e3—f3:†

And Mr. Stanley of course resigns, because he cannot capture the Rook without loss of the Queen.

THE VERY LATEST FROM PAUL MORPHY.

We have interesting letters from Mr. Morphy, and others, dated Paris, December 30th. In addition to the games in the match, six additional contests had taken place between him and the great Silesian, Morphy winning six, and losing one, making the whole score: Morphy 13,—Anderssen 3,—Drawn 2. The Prussian player, as we learn from Mr. De Rivière, says of the American: "Il joue non seulement le coup juste, mais le coup le plus juste." He states further, that if Morphy's antagonist play "le coup seulement approximativement juste, il est perdu." Mr. Morphy had entirely recovered from his recent illness, and was about to offer Harrwitz a match at the odds of Pawn and Move. The players who were opposed to Harrwitz in his late blindfold feat are said to have been of no great strength—*mazettes*, as they call them at la Régence—and a multitude of pasquinades were in circulation concerning the performance. It was the intention of our countryman not to leave Europe without encountering Mr. Max Lange, the widely known editor of the Berlin *Schachzeitung*.

SOCIETIES.

Meetings for the Coming Week.

Monday, Jan. 24.—*Lyceum of Natural History*, at Medical College, 14th st. and 3d avenue.—*Library Society of Mechanics' Institute*, No. 20 4th avenue.—*Historical Society*, 2d avenue, corner 11th st. Lecture by David Paul Brown, of Philadelphia, on "Stratford-on-Avon," at 7½ o'clock.

Tuesday, Jan. 25.—*Farmers' Club*, 351 Broadway, at 12 M.—Prof. O. M. Mitchell, on Astronomy, at Academy of Music. 7½ P.M.

Wednesday, Jan. 26.—*Mechanics' Club*, 351 Broadway. 7½ P.M.—*Numismatic Society*, Bible House. 7½ P.M.

Thursday, Jan. 27.—*Geographical and Statistical Society*. Regular meeting at Rooms, Clinton Hall.—Prof. O. M. Mitchell, on Astronomy, at Academy of Music. 7½ P.M.

Ethnological Society, Saturday Evening, January 15.—Dr. Dallam, of Virginia, gave the first of a series of Lectures on the ancient mounds of the West. He estimated that there were 100,000 [illegible] in the United States, chiefly in the Mississippi valley. He divided them into mounds of sepulture, of sacrifice, of worship, of observation, and of defence. Each of them was described.—Dr. Dallam exhibited numerous articles found in the different mounds.

Historical Society.—Monday Evening, Jan. 17.—Hon. Luther Bradish in the Chair. Dr. J. G. Holland delivered a lecture on "American Social Life." After sketching its elements, he showed wherein we as a people are deficient in the cultivation of that sociability which characterizes the people of France and Germany, and in conclusion urged the necessity of Christianity cultivating this spirit.

Prof. Mitchell's Lectures.—Wednesday Evening, January 19.—Professor Mitchell delivered his second lecture—the first of the regular course, as the one previously given was but introductory. His subject was, "The Laws, Structure, and Stability of the Planetary System," and it was illustrated by some ingenious apparatus arranged for the occasion.

Academy of Medicine.—Wednesday Evening, Jan. 19.—The following officers were elected for the coming two years:—President, Dr. John Watson; Vice Presidents, Drs. Joel Foster, [illegible], and Gurdon Buck; Recording Secretary, Dr. E. G. [illegible]; Corresponding Secretary, Dr. J. W. Greene; Treasurer, Dr. J. G. Pond; Trustees, Drs. Kissam, [illegible], Anderson, Wood, and [illegible]; Committee on Admissions, Drs. [illegible], Markoe, [illegible], Van Kleek, and Buckley; Committee on [illegible], Drs. Wood, Smith, Barker, Ogden, and Warren; Committee on Medical Education, Drs. Wood, Clark, Smith, [illegible], and Francis. A long discussion ensued in regard to Dr. Green's treatment of the case of E. S. Whitney.

American Institute.—Thursday Evening, January 20.—The regular annual meeting was held, and the following officers elected for the ensuing year:—President, Prof. James Renwick; Vice Presidents, William Hall, John A. Bunting, Benjamin Aymar; Recording Secretary, Henry Meigs; Corresponding Secretary, William B. Leonard; Treasurer, John Gray; Board of Managers, Benedict Lewis, Jr., Isaac M. Phyfe, James R. Smith, F. W. Geissenhainer, Jr., Charles A. Whitney, William Ebbitt, John V. Brower, Thomas F. De Voe, Thomas W. Field, George Timpson, John Johnson, Wm. Close, Samuel D. Backus, D. R. Jacques, William H. Butler, James C. Baldwin, Archibald Johnston, Samuel H. Maynard, George Peyton, Zachary Peck, John C. Johnson, Alfred Bridgman, Thomas Williams, Jr., D. Meredith Reese.

— The *Elk Presente*, a political journal, printed at Venice, has been favored with an ominous warning for habitually opposing the usually sagacious views of the government.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
FOR FEBRUARY
NOW READY.

CONTENTS:

Ought Women to Learn the Alphabet?
The Morning Street.
In a Cellar.
Hamlet at the Boston.
El Llanero.
Bulls and Bears.
"The New Life" of Dante.
The Philter.
Did I?
The Minister's Wooing.
The Palm and the Pine.
The Professor at the Breakfast Table.
White's Shakespeare.
List of Books.

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Illustrated by Thirteen Engravings.
ETHAN ALLEN AND HIS DAUGHTER.
FOLLIES OF FASHION.
Illustrated by Twenty-seven Engravings.
LA PLATA.
Illustrated by Eight Engravings.
A WOMAN'S POEM.
PAYING THE PIPER.
FOUND FLOATING ON THE WATER.
A CHRISTMAS IN HAMBURG.
HINTS ON SELF-CULTURE.
HESTER GRAHAME: ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.
BIRD MINISTRY.
THE VIRGINIANS. By W. M. Thackeray.
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Chapter LVII. In which Harry's Nose continues to be put out of joint.
Chapter LVIII. Where we do what Cats may do.
Chapter LIX. In which we are treated to a Play.
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CONTRIBUTIONS TOWARDS A HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.—Chapter I. First Colonial Period; II. Second Colonial Period; III. First American Period; IV. Second American Period; V. Second American Period, continued; VI. Second American Period, concluded; VII. Foreign Writers in America; VIII. Education; IX. Introduction and Progress of Printing; X. Remuneration of Authors; XI. The Book Trade and its Extent; XII. Newspapers and Periodicals; XIII. Printing Presses; XIV. Typography—Type-Foundries—Paper—Binding, etc.; XV. General Remarks.

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A CHAPTER ON EYES.

The organisations by virtue of which the five senses are enabled to convey their ministrations to the sentient part of us, are all interesting of their kind; but neither the mechanism of the ear, nor the organism of taste, of smell, or of touch, is so full of interest as the structure of the eye.

The fact is, that the organization of the other four senses is too complex, too anatomical to awaken popular sympathy. One cannot sit down and dissect the nerves of taste; still more difficult for any but an anatomist is it to appreciate the organism of smell, hearing, and touch. The mechanism of seeing is more obvious. Nature, we may say—slightly inverting the truth—has so exactly copied the structure of telescopes and similar optical instruments in the construction of eyes, that even the most ignorant of anatomy may sit down and appreciate her adaptations.

The eyes of all mammalia are pretty much alike, so that having examined any one, the construction of any other will be manifest. Certain minor distinctions, indeed, there are, such as in cats for example—animals whose eyes are seen to have a slit-like pupil, closing in proportion as the light is strong, and opening at dusky twilight to the uttermost, so as to catch any little glimmering ray; whence the notion has arisen that cats see best in utter darkness—a mistake, nevertheless: much light, cats do not require to see with, but some they must have.

When we contemplate the eye of any mammal—of an ox or a sheep, for example—the following succession of parts is recognisable. Omitting a certain delicate membrane, the presence of which none but an anatomist could discover—first of all, in front comes the transparent horny shield termed cornea; next comes a cavity filled with transparent fluid, and divided into two compartments by a perforated transverse curtain. The curtain itself is called the "iris," on account of the play of colors always seen upon it; and the perforation, the functions of which are very important, constitutes the central spot so conspicuous in the eye and termed the "pupil." Behind the pupil is what anatomists term the crystalline lens—a sort of spectacle glass, the intention of which is to concentrate rays of light to a focus on the network of optic nerve delicately ramified some little distance behind—separated from it, nevertheless, by a thick transparent humor. Upon this network, termed the retina, the images of things to be rendered visible are projected. The eye, of an ordinary mammal—is especially beautiful to contemplate, inasmuch as it shows an arrangement of which telescopes and microscopes are almost exact copies.

Every person must have remarked the facility possessed by all ordinary eyes of directing themselves hither and thither, the head itself remaining immovable. I despair of conveying to the reader a notion of the beautiful mechanism by which this is effected. To acquire that knowledge, an eye must be skilfully dissected in its socket, from behind. All the various kinds of motion of which ordinary eyes are susceptible, are effected by muscles stowed away in the socket. The acts of turning to the right, upwards, downwards, as well as rolling, are all accomplished by specific muscles. Contemplate now the admirable mechanism for keeping the eyes moist, without which provision, the sight would wax dim and difficult. Carefully bedded away in the outer corner of each eye-socket, there is a little glandular apparatus, specially designed for the manufacture and supply of the moisture in question. This moisture is no other than tears. On all ordinary occasions, this tear-liquid diffuses itself over the eye balls in a thin sheet, spread out in this manner by the constantly closing eyelids. When this constant alternate opening and closing of the eyelids is interfered with—as, for example, during sleep—the tears have to find their way from the external to the internal corner of the eye in a different fashion, to the explanation of which the reader's attention is now required. The upper and lower eyelids, notwithstanding they seem to be capable of actual juncture, only touch, nevertheless, at the edge of their extreme external rim. Internally, their edges diverge so considerably, that between the external touching edges and the front of the eyeball protected by them, a triangular canal is left, along which the tear-moisture passes from the external to the internal corner of the eye. There arrived at last, a little duct awaits it, leading quite down into the cavity of the nose. Through this duct the tear-liquid escapes, after it has done its lubricating duty.

Except under circumstances of deep and peculiar excitement, the tear-liquid is not supplied to the eyes faster than the little channels between the two lids and the aperture leading down to the nose can give exit to it. Occasionally, the development of tear-liquid is too rapid to permit this way of disposal: then the tear-liquid overflows its banks, escapes from between the eyelashes, and trickles over the cheek; then we have veritable weeping. Fishes cannot cry; of this, one may rest assured. Having no lachrymal gland, they cannot secrete tears. Of what use would have been a tear-generating apparatus to creatures whose eyes, throughout their whole system, are bathed in water?

Fishes, moreover, have no eyelids. They do not need them, having no tear-liquid to be distributed: and if by chance any particle of grit or impurity should fall upon the eye of a fish, the very best conditions to effect its removal are supplied by a copious ablution of water.

From fishes which have no eyelids, to birds which possess two for each eye, the distance is great indeed. Beside the ordinary or external eyelid which birds possess in common with mammalia, they have also a peculiar inner eyelid, termed the *membrana nictitans* by anatomists. Its motions are far more rapid than those of the external eyelid; in fact, its winkings are almost lightning like in their rapidity. The great use of the membrana nictitans is obviously to protect birds against the chances of getting floating particles of hard substances into their eyes, a sort of accident to which they are especially liable, owing to the rapidity of their flight through the atmosphere.

It must not be imagined that all living beings are supplied with eyes made up of complex humors and lenses—a contractile perforated iris situated in *front*. If, for example, we magnify the ocular appendages of a common house-fly, we should never discover—however considerable the magnifying power brought to bear—we should never discover the sort of eye-organism I have already described. We should find a very beautiful optical appendage nevertheless, the nature of which is as follows:—A multiplying-glass is a common toy enough—not a *magnifying-glass* or lens, which simply makes things look bigger than they really are, but a block of glass cut into facets, and which multiplies the visual representations of the thing observed by as many times as there are facets on the glass. Now, the ocular appendages of flies are of this very type. Although their eyes are fixed and immovable, the necessity still exists in them, as in other creatures, for looking about in many directions, and therefore a sort of multiplying eye has been given to them. The facets of this multiplying apparatus are many thousands in number, all tending in different directions; wherefore a common house-fly may be said to look habitually many thousand ways at once. Perhaps most people have experienced the difficulty of getting on the blind side of a fly; indeed, flies have no blind sides; the compound eyes with which they are furnished, though immovable, have a scope of vision to which our own more elaborate visual organs can advance no pretensions.

The multiplying eye may be called the distinctive insect eye. Though a common house-fly has been chosen for convenience sake, nevertheless certain larger members of the insect tribe—dragon-flies, for example—display the multiplying eye to still greater advantage. To recognise thoroughly the beauty of a house-fly's visual organs, a microscope, or, at any rate, a magnifying-glass is necessary. Otherwise is it, however, with the eyes of a dragon-fly. In them the multiplying facets are so large, and shine so resplendently in the sunbeams, that simple inspection of them without optical aid is all we require.

Let no person make a spider the subject of microscopic observation, to the end of discovering those multiplying eyes. The most inquisitive microscopist could not find them. Spiders, it is to be remembered, are not insects, though usually called so. Truly speaking, they range above insects, because of some well-marked peculiarities. They do not possess the insect or multiplying eye, for example; and they breathe by lungs, whereas the breathing of insects is performed after another fashion. Spiders are altogether more highly organized than insects, wherefore they possess a higher type of eye. The ocular apparatus of spiders is more like that of mammalian animals. Better provided than the latter, however, each spider possesses more than one pair of eyes, though the exact number differs in different species. No wonder a spider can observe so well; no wonder a poor fly once caught in the net, so rarely escapes its spider enemy.

The very simplest form of eye an animal can have is a little dot of optic nerve, without cornea, lens, or anything of the sort. Of this kind are the eyes of leeches and snails, animals whose visual perceptions must be very dull indeed, although doubtless sufficient for their necessities. Perceptions of light and darkness, such eyes are cognisant of; perhaps, too, of color; but so far as anatomists can understand and interpret the mysteries of their organisation, these rudimentary eyes must be totally incompetent to realise the nice perceptions of form. That beautiful eye-appendage, the retina, together with its pupil, in addition to the function—the only one usually attributed to it—of admitting the amount of light proper for correct vision, has also another and scarcely less necessary function, that of rendering the outlines of bodies perceptible: in other words, of distinguishing forms.

As regards perceptions of color, notices in many popular journals, and an ingenious treatise by Professor George Wilson, have given prominence of late to the defect commonly and appropriately known as *color-blindness*; namely, the inability to perceive certain colors, or, at any rate, to individualise them. The late celebrated chemist, Dr. Wollaston, furnished an example of color-blindness; and the still more celebrated chemist, Dr. Dalton, an example of the same defect in a still higher degree. Dalton's peculiarity was in no respect more prominently demonstrated than in his inability to perceive red as red should be. It looked to him as being a sort of dirty neutral tint—*steel color*, as he designated it; and writing from London to a friend in Manchester concerning the beauty of some metropolitan ladies he had seen, their faces were described as having a tint of sky-blue. Nevertheless, Dalton thought the ladies pretty!—*Chambers's Journal.*

SHAKESPEARE'S WILL.

Among the historical and literary curiosities of manuscripts and printed books now so admirably arranged and exhibited to the public in the libraries of the British Museum, there are few which attract more attention than the recently-acquired autograph of Shakespeare. It suggested to my recollection the Original Will of Shakespeare, and inspired the wish that so invaluable a relic could be rescued from its present concealment in that dingy den called the Prerogative Office in Doctors' Commons, and its custody transferred to the officers of the British Museum, by whom it would be carefully and properly exhibited, and instead of being almost unknown and unseen, it would become an object of the greatest interest, I might almost say of veneration, to thousands.

What may be its present condition I know not: it had suffered much from frequent manipulations when I last saw it, thirty years ago. It was then kept, folded, in a small box, with the will and codicils of the Emperor Napoleon, and a few other similar curiosities which were occasionally shown to visitors.

It would be very desirable that a *facsimile* copy of the entire document should be made, either by means of photography or by the lithographic skill of Mr. Netherclift.

In the year 1828 I obtained permission from the late Sir Herbert Jenner-Fust to copy the whole or any part of the will, and for that purpose it was entrusted to my possession for several hours on three successive days, under the surveillance of the clerks in the Prerogative Office, and I took the greatest pains, by tracing and drawing, to produce as perfect a copy of the signature as eye and hand could make. These signatures were immediately afterwards engraved with equal accuracy, and published in the collection now known as Nichols' *Autographs of Royal, Noble, and Illustrious Persons*, fol. 1829; and I may here mention that all the autographs in that collection were selected, traced, and copied in *facsimile* by myself from the originals in the British Museum and one or two other collections.

Besides the signatures I made tracings of the several interlineations which occur in the body of the will, because I had once a notion that they might possibly be in the handwriting of Shakespeare, but I have since changed my opinion in that respect.

It is a very singular fact that no other handwriting of Shakespeare is known to be extant, except the three signatures attached to his will, two signatures on the title and mortgage deeds respectively in the possession of the City of London Library and of the British Museum, and another signature in a copy of *Florio's* translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, also in the British Museum. I believe all these signatures to be unquestionably genuine; they all sufficiently resemble each other, and they are all written in a scrawling, weak, and uncertain hand, like that of a man who scarcely knew how to spell his own name; and I think there may be very reasonable doubts whether Shakespeare's proficiency in the art of penmanship extended beyond the capability of writing his own name.

We are told by his "fellows," Hemynge and Condell, who published the first folio edition of the plays, *seven years after the death of Shakespeare*, that "his mind and hand went together: and what he thought, he *uttered* with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers."

That Shakespeare's transcendent genius would have enabled him to dictate to an amanuensis with fluency and correctness cannot be doubted, and thus the manuscripts may have been written or transcribed in a very fair and legible hand, with "scarce a blot in his papers."

If any writing of Shakespeare were to be obtained during his life, or after his death, so ardent and industrious a collector as Sir Robert Cotton would surely not have neglected to preserve it among the autographs of so many others of his illustrious and literary contemporaries which are still to be found in the volumes of the Cottonian Library. WILLIAM JAMES SMITH.

—*Notes and Queries.*

ABSYNTHE.

China has her opium, the East her haschich, England her gin. In France we have a poison that is imbued with these poisons, and a powerful stimulant that galvanises the nerves and also feverishly overcharges the brain; we have absynthe.

Under pretence of creating an appetite, the present generation has commenced drinking this detestable *liqueur*, which is now as common with us as the pipe and the cigar.

We despise without sympathising with them, those ignoble brutes, who seek, in beastly intoxication, the most abasing pleasures—beings with haggard eyes and trembling steps—grog shop devotees, who drink for the sake of drinking, without caring what they drink.

We should not so bitterly attack absynthe if its ravages had been confined to this class of drinkers. Unhappily the families of the "green elixir" are to be found in another class of society more noble and intelligent. Artists, and especially literary men, have in but few years past become addicted to its use and abuse in a lamentable degree. Almost all seek from it a factitious fever, and the inspiration that is leaving them, without thinking that the next day, and the next, to obtain the same effect, they must indulge in a still stronger dose, until that in accustoming themselves to this facile excitement, which comes when called for, they dull their intellect and destroy their health.

The effects of this poison are terrible. A feverish ecstasy, full of delicious dreams [illegible] is followed by an overwhelming [illegible] state of somnolency. The eyes become [illegible] the hands tremble. No work can be done unless preceded by a dram of absynthe. Beneath these repeated attacks reason reels, and a fatal day comes when the drinker finds drunkenness, and never again finds "inspiration." Then he is lost beyond hope of recovery. What was a necessary prelude to his labors becomes a degrading passion, a daily indulgence which he has not the courage to abandon. The poet is dead within him, and the drunkard alone remains.

Like opium, absynthe has its fanatics and its victims. Unhappy victims, whom we cannot refrain from pitying—noble minds, drowned in this dark and glistening liquid.

We have seen them pass by with despairing glance and trembling steps, the shadows of their former selves, still unconscious of their misfortune. Gerard de Nerval, the charming writer, the delightful novelist, sought in absynthe brighter fancies, and more glowing imaginings. Alfred de Musset, a great poet, wounded to the heart, sought in this terrible poison forgetfulness of his mysterious sorrow. Gerard de Nerval hung himself in the window of a miserable den. Alfred de Musset died, after ten years forgetfulness of his genius—died without being able to utter, at his last hour, a song as sublime as those he sung in his bright youth.—*French Paper.*

—The question of copyright, says the *Athenæum*, is now under argument in France with an earnestness from which only good can result. It has been mentioned that two members of the Society of Dramatic authors have protested against the sums handed over by the management of the *Theatre Lyrique* to the descendants of Weber and Mozart. The Society appears to have adopted the report drawn up by M. Melesville on the subject of recognising *international property in works of literature and art entire, without restriction, and in all its consequences.* The two opposing members, determined not to give in, intend it is said, to bring the question before a court of law. Meanwhile, Daniels and Gamaliels are declaring themselves for or against. M. *Fétis*, in the *Gazette Musicale*, denounces all such protection stoutly, giving an illustration which will amuse the London reader. He asks, how would it fare with the "Handel Society had it to pay copyright-money to the descendants of Handel? adding that he has a right to ask, since it was owing to his researches in 1829, when repairs were being made in St. James' Palace, that the existence of the scores in Her Majesty's Library came to light, and hence it was that the 'Handel Society' was founded."

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